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Russian Salesmen on the Ganges

MARSHAL BULGANIN and Mr. Krushchev have good reason to smile through their garlands at the vast crowds which have greeted them in India. For the first time, Soviet leaders have been officially received in a non-Communist country as friends, even as allies in a common struggle against colonialism and war. The "Geneva spirit" may have achieved little at Geneva, but it is paying a rich dividend in Asia. In phrases that echo Mr. Nehru's own speeches about co-existence and mutual understanding, the Soviet leaders have said exactly the right things to impress Indian opinion with their peaceful intentions and their eager desire to help "the industrious and talented Indian people" develop their economy.

"We have no ulterior motives," Mr. Krushchev declares. "We are prepared to share our last piece of bread with you." Marshal Bulganin caps this rhetoric with a promise to help build factories, power stations and atomic enterprises. It should surprise no one if many Indians respond to offers which sound more generous than the extensive aid so far provided from the West; they may applaud Bulganin's tribute to Mr. Nehru's diplomacy as a contrast to the criticisms that come from Washington. Yet there must be many Indians who will ask themselves what was the real purpose of the Soviet mission.

Mr. Nehru is, of course, just as much aware as anyone in the West of Moscow's ulterior motives. The "summit" agreement between the great powers recognised that nuclear warfare is a form of suicide, not an instrument of any policy. It thereby set the Soviet Union free to follow a more flexible and open diplomacy than was possible at the height of the cold war. The Kremlin's diplomatic offensive in the Middle East was the first result, and its wooing of India the second. To the Russians, as Mr. Kaganovitch made clear in his speech on the anniversary of the revolution, "co-existence" means that the struggle between the two systems is to be waged by "competition." And the non-committed nations of the Middle East and Asia are the market in which the West is to feel the pinch of that competition.

Theoretically, Communists may believe that it is good Marxism to help such countries to develop an industrial economy, either by private or state capitalism, because industrialisation may eventually lead them into the Soviet camp. That, however, is a long-term objective. In the short run, the policy is to weaken the dependence of the neutral nations upon the West for economic aid and arms, and thereby strengthen their nationalism. "Competition," in fact, is the new phrase for the Leninist tactic of using colonial nationalism to break up the imperialist world. Lenin once said that the fate of the British Empire would be decided on the Yangtse: Krushchev may think that the balance of world power will be settled decisively on the Ganges.

It would be unwise for the Russians to read too much into the cordial reception that they have been given by Mr. Nehru. Though he is anxious to have friendly relations with them, and though he must welcome technical help from the Soviet Union, he cannot wish to see India become the *de facto* ally of the Soviet bloc, for this would make nonsense of his professed policy. The stronger the group of non-committed nations, the less likely that disagreements between the great powers will lead to war. As a mediator, Mr. Nehru must remain the honest broker—or fail in his purpose.

Mr. Nehru is being courted by both sides. His Soviet guests will have noticed much industrial progress in India. Mr. Macmillan has displayed the Western mood by his offer of atomic power in Baghdad. It is a sign of Mr. Nehru's strength that he can accept offers from both sides, making it as clear to his Soviet guests as he has to their Western competitors, that India can receive aid without departing from her own methods of progress or giving up her objective of a free and socialist society.

Comments on the Week's News

End of the Fourteen-day Rule ?

The House of Commons is again to discuss the 14-day rule. There is reason to suppose that the passage of time and the volume of public protest will have combined to modify the stuffy attitude to which so far both Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Attlee have been equally committed. There are two main lines of criticism against giving the broadcasting authorities a completely free hand, subject only to their maintaining a fair balance between the parties. The first is the simple resentment of the ordinary back-bench M.P., unskilled in the tricks of radio and TV, against the disproportionate influence and glamour which accrue to colleagues, no worthier than himself, who happen to excel in show business. The second follows from the first. It is the fear that parliament will be unable to maintain itself as the chief forum of political debate against the artificially exciting and craftily devised presentations which often pass for serious debate on the air. This danger is considerably exaggerated by those who defend the 14-day rule. The argument on the other side is simple and, we believe, unanswerable. It is that the statutory application of the 14-day rule, and the accompanying limitation on broadcast appearances by M.P.s, is an infringement of free speech, which is intolerable. Feelings, however, are strong on both sides, and the forthcoming debate may be the occasion for finding a compromise. If the B.B.C. and ITV were to agree to accept a self-denying ordinance that they would not anticipate Commons discussions on subjects which have already been announced as business of the House, their voluntary gesture to the prestige of parliament would involve a very much lesser restriction than the one they are obliged to accept at present. The maximum period of embargo (with very rare exceptions) would be eight evenings, usually fewer. Were this offer to be made jointly by the two broadcasting authorities, the Commons should accept it with good grace and the government should immediately repeal the odious Orders in Council by which at present it enforces the rule.

Civil Service and the Police

Civil service pay should, in the words of the Royal Commission, bear fair comparison with the "current remuneration of outside staffs employed on broadly comparable work, taking account of differences in other conditions of service." This is a form of words to which it is difficult to take exception, because it is practically meaningless. Once you take account of differences in conditions, it becomes clear that there are whole sections of the civil service whose work is not comparable with anything outside. What outside comparison, for instance, is valid for the senior administrative grades, whose work is comparable with the top level in industry, but whose conditions are totally different? Nevertheless, the Royal Commission recommends for them substantial pay increases—approximately £10 a week *net* for under-secretaries and upwards. It is difficult to justify rises on this scale in the present circumstances, especially when the form of civil service engagement still encourages the ablest men to skim the pickings of the public service, protected by the unique safeguards of a civil service career, and then, if opportunity happens to knock, to move on in middle age to the lusher pastures of private enterprise. At least there is the strongest possible case for reconsidering civil service conditions of engagement before adopting such substantial changes in their method of remuneration. The incongruity of the Royal Commission's proposals at a time when the Chancellor is struggling against inflation is emphasised by the Commission's further recommendations on overtime payments: these would have the effect of actually reducing the earnings of large numbers of junior civil servants at the same time as improving the lot of their betters by the amount of a working-class family wage.

Against the background of this report the pay claim put forward on Tuesday by the Police Federation has an almost ironic ring. The claim, which is to be heard by the Police Arbitration Tribunal next week, would raise the minimum pay for a constable from about £8 11s. a week to just under £11. There would be public sympathy for this claim, even if it were based only on the serious shortage of recruitment to the police. In fact there is something in the public mind. "99.9 per cent. of the police are 'straight, honest and above board,'" said Mr. James Callaghan in presenting the claim. The public will hope that this is true—but if it is we are very lucky, at £8 11s. a week.

America's False Economy

As the Soviet leaders woo India with promises of help for industrialisation, the United States proposes to make a foolish economy. Mr. John B. Hollister, the recently appointed director of the International Co-operation Administration, has persuaded the Administration to hold back one-fifth of this year's economic and technical assistance funds. Mr. Hollister speaks for the economy-minded faction, and this cut was imposed against the advice of both Mr. Stassen and Mr. Nelson Rockefeller, two of the President's advisers on foreign policy, who believe that Soviet economic offensives should be met by a larger U.S. aid programme in Asia and the Middle East. Mr. Hollister considers that the Soviet offers of economic aid are bluff, and that the Communist bloc does not have enough resources to carry out an effective programme. The Russian offer to build the high dam at Aswan in Egypt, for instance, is discounted on the grounds that the Russians might construct the dam but could not follow it up with the necessary related economic aid. This is a short-sighted view. It may be wrong in fact, and it is certainly wrong politically. Nothing could be more foolish than to tell the Indians, at this moment, that their aid allocation will be cut from $50m. to $40m. This will not only make promises of Soviet help seem more attractive: it will also discourage the Indian Government officials who have been wondering how much help the U.S. will give India if the Soviet offers are refused.

Round the Mulberry Bush in Europe

The new body which "associates" this country with the European Coal and Steel Community held its inaugural meetings at the end of last week. When the principle of association was first accepted there was much talk about a threatened surplus of steel; but now nobody expects such a surplus. Moreover, Great Britain, which was then a net exporter of coal to Europe, is now a net importer from Europe and is further reducing its already shrunken exports. Accordingly, there is no present wish to restrict steel production in order to hold up prices; and in respect of coal the whole problem is one of shortage. In these circumstances there is nothing much for Great Britain to do in conjunction with the Community beyond exchanging information and ideas. There are, however, much wider problems than those of coal or steel; and they are bound up with the economic relations between this country and West European Union. There is, for one thing, the whole question of "Euratom"—the form to be taken by the measures for the exploitation of atomic energy in Europe—and, for another, the W.E.U. drive towards a common market for agricultural products and other goods besides coal and steel. On both these issues the "Europeans" are asking eagerly where Great Britain stands, but are getting no answers because nobody here knows what to say until the "Europeans" have produced more definite proposals—which they, in turn, find it none too easy to do until they have a better idea of the British attitude. So the talks go on round and round the mulberry bush, with Benelux pressing for more forthright action, and opinion on the practical issues much divided in France and Germany as well as here.

The Railwaymen's Claims

The three railway trade unions can never agree. All three have now decided to submit new wage demands—the N.U.R. for a 10 per cent. increase, the Transport Salaried Staffs Association for 7½ per cent., and the Locomotive Engineers and Firemen for an unspecified amount. The N.U.R. and the T.S.S.A. have been negotiating for some time in the hope of agreeing on a joint claim, but the negotiations have broken down; and relations between the N.U.R. and the A.S.L.E.F. are too bad for joint action to be even considered by the latter. So each union is going ahead separately. The N.U.R. and T.S.S.A. claims, being on a percentage basis, would both have the effect of making money differentials absolutely larger, by giving more to the more highly paid grades. The cost of granting them in full would be between £30 and £40 million in a full year—a serious matter for the railways in their present financial difficulties, but one that may have largely to be faced if they are to be able to retain and recruit enough workers to provide efficient services. It is to be noted that the T.S.S.A. declared before the autumn budget that it would prefer lower living costs to a wage-increase: the budget has made it change its mind and present a claim, and has also probably led the N.U.R. to put in for more than it would otherwise have done. The N.U.R. decision is indeed clearly important because it is likely to influence other unions which are at present trying to make up their minds how much to demand.

The Sultan's Triumph

The declaration on the constitutional future of Morocco made by the Sultan last Friday indicates that the concessions the French will be forced to make will be far more substantial than in Tunisia; indeed, it is thought that they will include control of the police, part of the armed forces, and diplomatic representation. On Tuesday, Ben Youssef accepted the resignation of the Ben Slimane government, thus completing the dismantling of the Aix compromise; and he is now setting about the task of forming a government. It is fairly clear that the Istiqlal will play a dominant part in the new administra-

tion. Last Thursday, after a two-day meeting in Madrid, the executive committee of the party sent a formal appeal to Rabat calling for national union around the Sultan; and this will certainly be endorsed by the first national congress of the Istiqlal, due to take place shortly in Rabat. Ben Youssef has thus, unlike Bourguiba in Tunisia, prevented a split in the nationalist front which might have weakened his position *vis-à-vis* the French. Indeed, his success in forcing the French to agree to a wide definition of Moroccan sovereignty has placed Bourguiba in an embarrassing position. The left wing of the Neo-Destour, led by Salah Ben Youssef, has never accepted the Franco-Tunisian Agreement, and at a mass meeting in Tunis last weekend they reaffirmed their violent hostility. Their growing popular support has forced the "orthodox" Neo-Destourians to take up more extremist positions: at last week's annual party congress at Sfax resolutions were passed demanding Tunisian control of the armed forces and the holding of elections "in the near future" for a constituent asembly. The French Government will therefore have to bear in mind that any concessions made in Morocco will soon have to be duplicated in Tunisia.

South Africa and the U.N.

South African complaints of United Nations interference in their domestic racial policy appear with annual regularity. This year, by withdrawing their whole delegation and closing their permanent New York office, they have come as near as possible to resignation from the U.N. itself. It is probably true, as in the case of the French withdrawal over Algeria, that they have a legalistic case against U.N. discussion of their policy. It is equally obvious that the U.N. would not dare to discuss similar policy issues of the great powers. Nevertheless, it has to be recognised that for the two-thirds of the world's population with coloured skins South African racial policy represents the same kind of aggression as that of the pre-war Nazis against Jews, trade unionists and Socialists.

Meanwhile, the South African government continues to put itself right outside even legalistic bounds by refusing to recognise any international obligations over the mandated territory of South-West Africa. Last week the Europeans of that territory showed their attitude clearly in Legislative Assembly elections, by returning 16 nationalists out of the 18 seats. Their attitude is best represented in the words of Mr. Serfontein, South African Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, when he said recently: "The white man must and will remain *baas* in his own country."

The Muddled Air

The object of Britain's new aircraft production policy is twofold: to cut the delay between prototype and production stages in aircraft manufacture, and to prepare the ground for the transfer from piloted aircraft to guided missiles. It is now clear that piloted fighters—even in the 1,500 m.p.h. speed-range—will be unable to provide an effective defence against the new guided missiles that will be developed during the next 10 to 15 years. Hence, it was clearly a wise decision to concentrate on the production of only two or three fighter prototypes during the interim period—and to restrict work on non-supersonic aircraft of all types—thus freeing technicians and supplies for the guided missile field, where Britain is lagging sadly behind. Where the Ministry of Supply is open to criticism is the manner in which this information has been released. The confused statement issued by the Ministry two weeks ago gave details of specific decisions, but failed to clarify the main lines of the new policy; the result has been considerable uneasiness in the aircraft industry and wild speculation in the press. Moreover, the decision to abandon the Vickers V-1000 transport still seems highly questionable. Although we are moving into the guided missile era, high-speed troop-transports will remain a prime necessity; indeed, now that it has been decided to contract the armed forces and reduce overseas garrisons, they will become increasingly important. However vital it was to concentrate Britain's limited technical resources on a smaller number of projects, the fact remains that the V-1000—as performance figures released by the manufacturers on Wednesday reveal—is by far the most suitable prototype in a field where our needs are great and increasing, and that there are also weighty financial reasons for pressing ahead with its manufacture. The Minister of Supply should now furnish Parliament with a full and comprehensive picture of the new air production policy.

Half-empty Approved Schools

Many delinquent children are now known to be "maladjusted," and although the word was for some time derided as one of those smart clinical euphemisms, it suggests a good starting point for the treatment of almost any child offender. Reading the *Seventh Report on the Work of the Children's Department*, published last week for the Home Office, it is not difficult to see that the whole problem in this country is bedevilled by an absurdly low "age of criminal responsibility." A child eight years old should never be taken before a criminal court. In countries where the age is fourteen or sixteen, there is not to be found this endless problem whether a child that is a thorough nuisance should be dealt with by three magistrates or two, by police in uniform or plain clothes, by fining (and further antagonising) the parents, and so forth. It is a matter of education. In this country, committals to approved schools continue to decline, says the report—eight more schools were closed in 1954 (the average has lately been five a year), but there are still about 120 in England and Wales. The reduction may be partly due to a drop in actual delinquency, but it is certainly due in part also to the fact that many juvenile courts are no longer sending children to approved schools if they can help it. There is accordingly much anxiety among the staffs of the schools, who, since they commonly have a high sense of vocation, may have foresworn better jobs to take up this work and now face unemployment.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Westminster

The Jerry Builders

In African folklore, a simple man gets lost in the bush, and finds himself in the Land of Shrug where no one speaks except in shrugs. Questioned with a shrug by the King, the simple man gives him a shrug in reply. But it's the wrong shrug. *His* shrug means, "You're a bastard, King!" So they eat him.

That's how it was with Crookshank, the Leader of the House, when he rose on Monday to explain away the collapse of the Finance Bill. Now, a good Leader of the House is polite without being obsequious, friendly to back-benchers (including his own), and a procedural expert. Crookshank is obsequious without being polite, rude to back-benchers (including his own) and, as his handling of the Finance Bill stages proved, less expert in Parliament's machinery than he ought to be. He tried to explain things with a giggle and a shrug. But it was the wrong kind of shrug. So Gaitskell ate him.

Harold Wilson's procedural manœuvre was a temporary brake on the Tories' big majority. No sooner was the technical matter of reinstating the Finance Bill disposed of than it drove on again, this time with the Housing Subsidies Bill. Bevan who opened for the opposition was, as usual, serene, functional and phlegmatic. ("Comes from looking at all those cows!" said a dissatisfied Tory.) Three maiden speeches and the informed analyses of Gibson and Chetwynd helped to keep the debate at low pressure till dinner-time.

Then, when Miss Pitt, one of the Tories' best electioneers, and working-class to boot, began to assault the opposition, the argument livened up. The bill, she said, was part of a deliberate policy (*Hear! Hear! from the Labour benches*) to stabilise the financial position of the country and to tackle inflation. At which, Arthur Lewis, who had been rising the whole day in a vain attempt to catch the Speaker's eye, summarised his views with the single expletive, "Poppycock!"

Under the strain of Miss Pitt's class conscious speech—she *would* use the term "better type of tenant" to describe the middle-class council-house occupier—Nye Bevan's bucolic calm began to break up. While Mitchison was winding up for the opposition, he shared in the general attentiveness. Indeed, although the Labour Party has undoubtedly more genuine experts on housing and municipal affairs than on any other subject, Mitchison with his specialised legal knowledge is outstanding even among the experts. It was Sandys's final speech for the Government that really maddened the opposition and made Bevan emphatic.

Sandys at the despatch-box has an irresistible appeal to the opposition's maternal instinct. His notes are all over the place; he isn't very good at sums; and he looks so lost when he gives way to aggressive interruptors. The opposition feels that it shouldn't press an unfair advantage. But look out! At that very moment, Sandys will deliver you a brisk hack in the shins.

For example, when the Minister of Housing spoke of the "Dudley standard" as being 900 feet super, Labour Members were gently derisive. 950, they shouted. Sandys, fumbling with a circular, confounded them by quoting Hugh Dalton in support of his figure.

But he isn't always so felicitous. Underneath it all, Sandys, although relatively young, is the Original Old Tory. Scratch him and out comes the Tory bile that made ugly the inter-war elections. During the debate, he provocatively identified the Labour Party with "their Communist comrades". Yet he took offence at the alleged statement by Jennie Lee last week that the workers didn't like the budget, and might resort to industrial action in self-defence.

"Quote it!" shouted Labour members, including Nye Bevan. After much hoo-hah, Sandys, in a slow, portentous voice, read out the wrong quotation.

MAURICE EDELMAN

Singapore

Peace Talks

Our South-East Asia Correspondent writes: The announcement by Tungku Abdul Rahman and General Bourne that full-scale operations would be renewed on December 1 does not mean that the amnesty to Malaya is ended. But it does suggest that it has so far failed to achieve any solid results. The chances of ending the war —which still costs £1m. a month—now rest to a considerable extent on the talks between the Malayan and Singapore Chief Ministers and Chin Peng, the Communist leader. Last week, on the Thailand border, the chief Communist propagandist, Chen Tian, walked unannounced out of the steaming jungle into a village post office and calmly phoned up the Chief Minister, Tungku Abdul Rahman. He wanted to tell the Minister that his boss, Chin Peng, Secretary-General of the Malayan Communist Party and leader of the so-called Malayan Races Liberation Army, was willing to negotiate.

What must be remembered about any "peace" talks is this. First, Chin Peng hitherto claimed he was fighting a war against the British to liberate Malaya for the Malayans. Tungku Abdul Rahman, head of the Malayan semi-independent Government, says plainly that he and his friends are the nationalists, not the Communists. Further, he points out that the longer the Communists keep up their revolt the longer the British will remain. The Tungku and everyone else in Malaya want an end to the revolt. The Tungku is backed by 51 out of 52 elected seats in the Legislative Council, put there by 800,000 voters, mostly Malays. Clearly if Chin Peng persists in fighting he will not be fighting only the British but the Tungku and the Malays. Secondly, Chin Peng's following is almost entirely Chinese. There are roughly 2,500,000 Malays in the country and about 2,000,000 Chinese. Most of the arms in the country are in the hands of the Malay Regiment and the police force, which is a Malay force. It can be accepted that the M.C.P. does not want to provoke a Malay-Chinese racial war. Thus Chin Peng obviously wants to come to terms.

What will Chin Peng's terms be? If he were allowed to do so, he would come to Singapore and be welcomed by this Chinese city as a great national hero. He is Chinese and he has fought the authorities in the jungle for eight long years. He has caught the imagination of Chinese youth. Rahman is aware of all this. He says he is not prepared to negotiate with Chin Peng, but—a fine distinction, this—he is willing to listen to what he has to say. Already both David Marshall, Chief Minister of Singapore, and Rahman have stated publicly they will not recognise the M.C.P. Since the Colombo Plan, Marshall has become fiercely anti-Communist, but the Tungku is not so sure. Chin Peng will certainly start off the talks by demanding that the M.C.P. be permitted to operate as a legal political party.

If Lee Kuan Yew, leader of the People's Action Party, also attends the meeting some formula might be worked out which will save everyone's face. If the governments refuse a compromise, the revolt may drag on, and the M.C.P. can expect more secret support. On the other hand, Chin Peng can hardly afford to continue a war which might lead to serious racial strife. It is, therefore, in the interests of both sides to stop the fighting. Most of the good cards would appear to be in the hands of Tungku Abdul Rahman.

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Paris

All Hands on Deck

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last Friday evening, when the Assembly, after two negative votes, finally accepted the single-member electoral system, M. Faure shouted from the rostrum: "We're all on a sinking ship!" Nobody was quite clear whether this cry of alarm meant that the Premier believed his Government was doomed, or simply that he had at last admitted that early elections were out of the question. Probably the latter: for it is now obvious that the battle over the boundaries of the new electoral districts will be just as fierce—and probably more prolonged—than the month-old fight over the law itself. Although the single-member system was used before the war, the boundaries on which it operated were drawn up before Frenchwomen got the vote, and before the massive shifts of population which took place during and immediately after the Occupation. They were, in any case, notorious for favouring the backward and ultra-conservative rural areas. But any attempt to re-draw them is bound to run into trouble.

There are two principal proposals for re-drawing the boundaries. France can be partitioned into constituencies, each of which contain an equal number of electors, and which ignore the existing *département* system. France's 24 million electors would thus be divided up into 537 constituency blocks grouped on a geographical basis, without any reference to the present administrative boundaries of prefectures and sub-prefectures. This is certainly the fairest system, but it is also the most difficult to transform into law, since a large number of the present deputies, elected on a departmental basis, would find it impossible to get a constituency. The alternative is to divide up France's 89 *départements* into 626 constituencies (the present number of seats in the Assembly). Isère, for instance, which now elects three deputies, would be divided up into three constituencies; the Seine, which elects 57, would have 57 constituencies. Unfortunately, the allocation of seats on a departmental basis dates from 1945; and the figures used were taken from a population survey made in 1936. In the last 20 years the population in the north of France has increased substantially; while in the south it has tended to fall. If this system were adopted, a deputy from the south would be elected by an average of 25,000 voters, against 70,000 in the north. The Radicals, for instance, would undoubtedly benefit, since they are strongest south of the Loire; the M.R.P., the C.P. and the Independents, who are strongest in Brittany, Paris and Normandy respectively, would lose seats—and they control a majority in the Assembly.

Hence, neither of the two projects which the Government submitted to the Assembly this week has any chance of being adopted in its present form. Some sort of compromise will be necessary —unless, of course, the Government, in despair, try once more to get a P.R. system adopted. It is thus no exaggeration to compare the Assembly and the Government to a sinking ship: all hands are on deck, fighting for places in the lifeboats, and nowhere is the struggle fiercer than among the ship's officers. As for the Lower Deck, their feelings were admirably—and frankly—summed up by M. Bergasse (A.R.S.), when he remarked last week: "If we accept constituencies based on population figures, half the deputies in the next Assembly will be new and inexperienced." This would doubtless seem a disaster to the present tenants of the Palais Bourbon; but the French people themselves might well prefer to be ruled by less "experienced" men.

The Road to Rapallo

BOTH in the Foreign Office and the State Department there is serious alarm about the outcome of the Geneva Conference. Western statesmen fear that the collapse of the Conference, as the week-end's demonstration in Berlin seems to suggest, may have discredited four-power talks in the eyes of the German people and may even have opened the way to a separate settlement. There would be nothing surprising in this. Since the end of 1949 the West has never possessed a realistic policy on German reunification, because the creation of a West German army has always been the primary object of our diplomacy. Once Germany was rearmed, it was said, and linked to western defence arrangements, reunification could then be negotiated from a position of strength. The events of the last three years have made nonsense of this argument, which in the last resort depended on Germany's willingness to begin a war of liberation. Already in 1953, the Eisenhower government formally abandoned this concept of "roll-back." At Geneva in July, both blocs, by tacitly renouncing war as an instrument of policy, destroyed the diplomatic bargaining power of a rearmed West Germany. Two weeks ago, Mr. Molotov scornfully accepted the principle of German membership of Nato; and the West, beginning reluctantly to move towards a policy of German neutralisation, now finds that Russia is no longer prepared to accept reunification on this basis. We now have nothing more with which to negotiate; and, for the first time since the war, there is a real chance that Bonn will be forced to come to terms with Russia.

In our anxiety to raise German soldiers, we have thrown safeguards to the winds. The E.D.C. treaty's checks on German militarism were never particularly reassuring; and those provided by the Paris Agreement are almost non-existent. The guarantees against West German production of atomic weapons and the raising of the ceiling on the new armed forces are purely formal. The Federal Republic is a sovereign state: she can leave Nato if she wishes and still retain her army. Moreover, by agreeing to exchange missions with Russia, West Germany has placed Moscow in a unique bargaining position. Of the great powers, Russia is the only one with diplomatic relations with both West and East Germany. The stage for a sell-out has thus been prepared.

Is this likely to occur? The best guarantee against it, as Dr. Adenauer realises, would be the rapid creation of a German army integrated with the Nato forces. Yet here, progress is painfully slow. It is now admitted that, even under the most favourable conditions, the target figure of 500,000 men will not be reached until 1960. There are endless delays in legislation—and Adenauer no longer possesses his essential two-

thirds majority in the Bundestag. In the new Federal budget increasing pressure within the Cabinet has limited defence expenditure to a figure equal to the Allied occupation costs, previously paid by the Republic. German industrialists, battling to retain their foothold in highly-competitive western export markets, dislike the prospect of a big defence programme—though their attitude may change if eastern markets are thrown open to them. Among the German people themselves, anti-militarism is still growing: information released last week shows that of the 160,000 volunteers for the new German army, all but 13 per cent. were veterans. More than ever before, the driving force behind German policy is supplied by Dr. Adenauer alone. But even he has been forced to make serious concessions in recent months. His voyage to Moscow and the agreement on war prisoners showed that something at any rate could be obtained by separate negotiations. Failure at Geneva has driven home the point. Doubtless, so long as he is alive, the moment of decision can be postponed. For years, indeed, the weaknesses in western policy have been concealed by the personality and longevity of this remarkable old man. But afterwards? Have we, despite the efforts of 10 years, created effective safeguards against a revulsion of German sentiment?

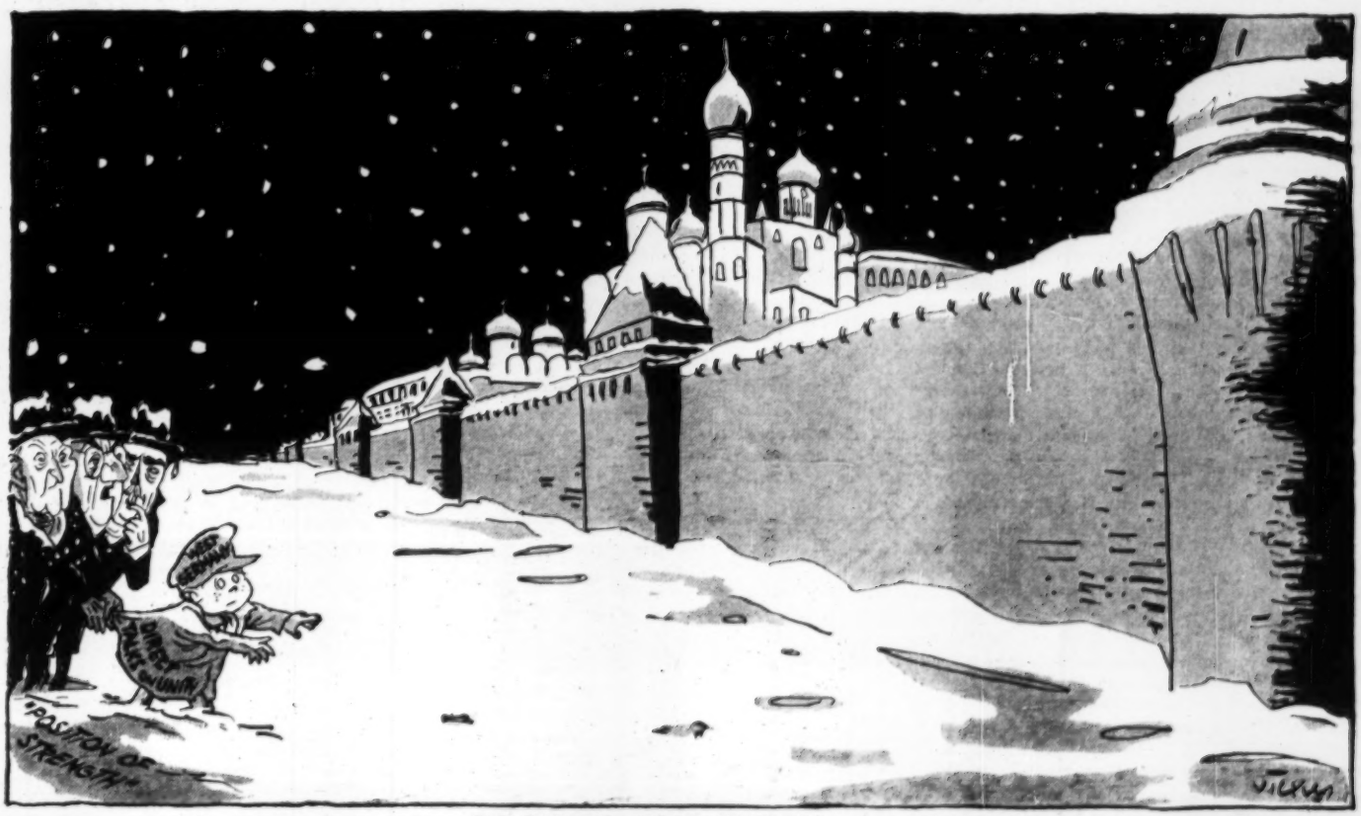
Here, the French are quick to draw analogies with the Saar. The Saar was the real testing ground of the "European" experiment. The Saarlanders had every economic incentive to remain independent and accept the Statute. In the complex negotiations which gave birth to it, neither the German nor the French Government considered for one moment the possibility that the Saar would reject the European formula—and their attitude was shared by the Foreign Office and the State Department. Yet once the plebiscite campaign began, it became obvious that the irridentist forces would triumph. In three short months, the assumptions on which western policy had been built since the war were exposed as valueless. What guarantee, asks Maurice Duverger in *Le Monde*, have we that Germany, faced at long last with the real possibility of a similar choice, will not reach the same decision and contract out of the West? Will all the western experts be proved wrong again?

And on this point, we should do well to consider—while there is still time—a question which has not been asked since the cold war began. Does the West really want German reunification? The issue, obscured by German rearmament, has never been put to the electorates of the three western powers. In France, the answer would certainly be no. And in Britain, too, if the alternatives were correctly explained, would it be so different? How widely is it realised that the two British divisions which, under the London Agreement, we are obliged to keep in Germany—the first limitation on British sovereignty in history—are there not as a safeguard against Russian invasion but against German militarism? Are we prepared to extend these guarantees if the West Germans agree to accept reunification on Russia's terms?

For this issue must be faced. At the moment, both the main parties in West Germany are firmly opposed to any reunification plan which is not based on free elections. But we have no guarantee that their attitudes will not change. The time may come, sooner or later, when they will be prepared to accept Russia's offer of an all-German council, which would leave the political systems of the two Germanys unaltered, but unite their governments in a loose confederation. The West must prepared for such an eventuality; and now that our policy has been finally stalemated, we must cast around for a new one.

There are two obvious choices. We can revert to the bold policy of "Little Europe," accept the division of Germany as permanent, and attempt to tie Bonn irrevocably to the West. But is this policy still practicable? The failure of E.D.C. and the Saar Statute has broken the spirit of European union. West Germany, now that it possesses once more its military and industrial potential, is no longer prepared to accept limitations on its sovereignty—as the Messina Conference, earlier this year, so decisively showed. The second alternative—which would at least serve the purpose of keeping discussions on a four-power basis—is to examine carefully the proposals Mr. Molotov put forward at Geneva. A solution on the Austrian model is clearly no longer acceptable to Russia, but there might be room for negotiations once the principle of an all-German council were accepted. Moreover, western *de facto* recognition of East Germany, however painful, would clear the way for a permanent security pact. And it is preferable for the West as a whole to make concessions than for West Germany to be driven to make them separately.

There may, indeed, be other alternatives. All, clearly, are beset with dangers and difficulties. But the one course the West cannot afford to pursue is its present one—negotiating from hope. To insist, as we do at present, that Germany should be reunified by free elections and should retain her sovereign rights is to play directly into Moscow's hands. Mr. Molotov purposely blocked any attempt to reach agreement at Geneva because he realised that time is on Russia's side; and his strategy is based on the assumption that the West will continue to refuse to believe this. For Russia, Geneva was a deliberate step towards a German-Soviet bargain, another milestone on the road to Rapallo. And, as in 1922, the road is being paved with the good intentions—and unrealistic logic—of the West.



DRANG NACH OSTEN . . .

The Challenge of Mental Health

In recent months several popular newspapers have run articles, sometimes a series of articles, on the subject of our mental hospitals. For the most part the emphasis has been upon sensationalism. "Britain's Shame," "The Scandal of our Mental Hospitals," "Snake Pits in Britain," "Are the Doctors Going Too Far?" (from the *Daily Express* of November 8)—such are a few of the headlines. The editorial excuse is always the same. Public opinion must be roused to demand action by the authorities. The press is doing no more than its duty in revealing the grim facts to its readers. There is more than a grain of truth in all this. The public are ill-informed on this subject, but it is all the more necessary that the picture presented to them should not be distorted in the interests of building up circulation. There has never been any difficulty in writing sensationally about mental hospitals. Even today it can be done without twisting the facts. One need only select them. Nor is any great literary skill needed to distil tragedy from the plight of a chronic mental patient.

Most people, lay and professional, who are associated with the mental health services are no less concerned than Fleet Street at the conditions in many of our mental hospitals. They too want to stir public opinion, for they believe that only as a result of a public outcry will the considerable sums needed for capital development be prised out of the Treasury. But they are inhibited from presenting the problem in purely sensational terms by a consideration which Fleet Street can cheerfully ignore. It is the fear of discouraging the voluntary patient. Provision for voluntary admission into mental hospitals was first made in the Mental Treatment Act, 1930. The public were at first slow to take advantage of the new facilities, but since the war the number of voluntary admissions has steadily increased until today they constitute about two-thirds of all admissions. In some hospitals the figure is over 90 per cent. Since these patients enter hospital at a relatively early stage of their illness, the chances of successful treatment are far greater than if they waited until certification became necessary. Today the average stay of a voluntary patient is no more than a few weeks. No one wishes to see this trend reversed. To what extent will the horrific press stories about mental hospitals deter the mentally sick from seeking early treatment of their own free will? Probably not at all, provided that two facts are made plain. First, the conditions so vividly described in the press are the worst, and not the norm; and in any event they are seldom if ever applicable to the voluntary short-stay patient. Those who suffer the bleaker discomforts are the chronic long-stay patients. Secondly, there has been, in the last twenty years or so, a revolution in the treatment of mental illness.

Few people outside the medical and nursing professions appreciate the extent of this revolution. From being a mainly custodial institution for the protection of society, the mental hospital has today become a hospital in the true sense. Hardly any of the active forms of treatment now in general use existed twenty years ago. Insulin treatment and E.C.T., or shock treatment, were then still in the experimental stage. Leucotomy and allied surgical techniques are a post-war development. Only now is psychotherapy beginning to take its place in the mental hospital, alongside the physical methods of treatment. Within the last year or two there has been a spectacular advance in the field of chemotherapy. New drugs, Largactyl and Serpasil, for example, are being used with increasing success in treating certain types of mental disorder. Occupational therapy, as practised today, is a positive and valuable form of treatment, and has done much to destroy that depressing atmosphere of enforced idleness which used to pervade the wards. This advance on a wide front is slowly bringing about a change in the attitude of the public. Fewer people regard mental illness as something shameful. It is now accepted that mental disease, like bodily sickness, may be cured. The heavy iron gates and high walls which surrounded our mental hospitals were partly symbolic of the community's desire to shut them away from sight. It is no accident that many hospitals are now removing them. The mental hospital is beginning to take its place as an integral part of the community. One of the tasks before the Royal Commission now examining the law of mental illness will be to recommend changes which will reflect this more enlightened public attitude.

All this makes the reverse side of the picture even more deplorable. The peak period of mental hospital building in Britain was the decade of the 1850s. It is not surprising that most of the buildings are obsolete and unadaptable to modern forms of treatment. Many of them defy conversion to provide even minimum standards of comfort for the patient. Psychiatrists and nurses are compelled to work in surroundings and conditions which are wholly unsatisfactory. Overcrowding is endemic. The Ministry of Health quote a figure of roughly 15 per cent. as the average degree of overcrowding in England and Wales. This is based on a notional capacity that is misleading, and grossly understates the problem. In the older hospitals at least, a reduction in beds of something like one-third is needed to produce tolerable living and working conditions, and to allow a reasonable degree of segregation of patients. This can only be achieved by building new hospitals. It is nearly twenty years since a new mental hospital was built in Britain and, apart from one hospital for defectives in Lancashire, none is under construction. Large sums of money will have to be spent before we have hospital buildings worthy of the psychiatric work that is being done in conditions of acute difficulty.

Conditions such as these are inevitably an obstacle to recruitment of staff. We need many more good psychiatrists, and there has been for years a serious shortage of nurses. In a period of full employment mental nurses will always be hard to recruit, and unless substantial pay increases are made soon the position will become critical in some areas. Only the employment of foreign nurses in the post-war years has averted a breakdown in the service, and even this source of supply is drying up. The wastage rate among student nurses is appallingly high. Even so, a recent investigation sponsored by the Manchester Regional Hospital Board suggests that a more intelligent and economical use could be made of those trained nurses we already have.

Despite the recent stride forward in psychiatric treatment we still know terrifyingly little about the nature and causes of mental illness. The neglect of psychiatric research by the Medical Research Council is scandalous, and it has been left to a private charity, now getting into its stride, to sponsor projects for which public finance should certainly be provided. Though nearly half the hospital beds in Britain are occupied by mental patients, medical politics have always been dominated by the physical, at the expense of the mental side. It is time that psychiatry began to receive its proper share, not only of the limelight but of the nation's resources. Pressure on the Government has been only sporadic, unsupported by any great weight of public opinion. The present conditions cannot be tolerated much longer. Can we move public opinion, at the same time paying tribute to the advance that has been made despite these conditions? Or must we descend to snake-pit propaganda before the official conscience is stirred? Perhaps, after all, it is the balanced picture which provides the more compelling case for action.

NEXT WEEK

Christmas Books—2

includes Nancy Mitford on 'The Great Little Duke' (Saint-Simon's bicentenary); Vivian Mercier on the novels of Samuel Beckett; T. C. Worsley on Granville Barker; Desmond Shawe-Taylor on Mozartiana; Jocelyn Brooke on 'The Englishman's Flora'; Norman MacKenzie on the New South; and Ralph Partridge on 'Tecs.

London Diary

Once I was simple enough to expect "Lift Up Your Hearts" before the eight o'clock news to be the kind of pep talk which a Christian, a Muslim, a rationalist, or just any ordinary citizen would find inoffensive, if not actually spiritually rewarding. But usually, when I have chanced to tune into it, I have been shocked to hear doctrine of the naively evangelical kind which is nowadays expected from Billy Graham, not from more thoughtful pulpits. I have now learned that the various ethical, rationalist and humanistic organisations have long been battering on the walls of the B.B.C. for admission into this early morning arcana. Why, they ask, for instance, should not a Walt Whitman Centenary be celebrated by extracts from *Leaves of Grass*, with its unexceptionally Christian sentiments about the brotherhood of man and our duty to our neighbour? They have been sternly informed that the phrase "Lift Up Your Hearts" comes from the Communion Service, and that this five minutes is therefore exclusively reserved for the orthodox minority of this country. This takes us back to an old controversy which has been going on ever since 1947, when the Governors of the B.B.C. decided to give facilities for controversy on religious and philosophic topics. On rare occasions the promise has been fulfilled. Heresy was heard on the wireless in 1951 in a series called "Men Without Gods," and the following year, after much prodding, B.B.C. permitted "Fundamental Debate." How strong a hold the Religious Advisory Committee (which only represents churches "in the main stream of Christianity") has on the B.B.C. became apparent when Mrs. Knight last year made her commonsense remarks on ethical education. But for the fury of a few bigots, her broadcast would have been accepted as the normal view of the most educated Englishwomen. Since then the hours devoted in one way or another to orthodox Christianity on the wireless have, I believe, been considerably stepped up, and half-promises of more serious discussions of religous issues have

been pigeon-holed. It is an absurd situation which only continues because some religious bodies form a powerfully organised monopoly at the centre of Broadcasting House, while less influential religious and ethical groups are permitted, as if by grace, to approach Authority and make representations—which are regularly ignored.

* * *

I am glad to learn that local opinion is rallying against the Virginian politicians who propose to defy the Supreme Court's ruling against segregated schools. One striking comment came from Jonathan Daniels, the influential publicist of Richmond, who said that defiance would not mean that Virginia would secede from the Union: it would be "secession from civilisation". Some of my American friends believe that the state legislature will not, in fact, approve the attempt to evade the Supreme Court decision, and that in any case it will be only a few years before the South accepts integrated schools. The Court certainly intends to stop discrimination wherever it is given a chance. Only last week, in another revolutionary decision, it insisted that Negroes could not be denied equal access to all parks and recreational facilities provided by the taxpayer. Some Southern cities may now decide to sell off their parks, swimming-pools and golf courses to private interests which would not be affected by the Court ruling. Such tactics may serve for a time. But I doubt if they will hold up the drive towards equality for very long.

* * *

Not so many years have passed since Maynard Keynes casually brought a Cézanne back from Paris in his bag, and an even shorter time since one might accidentally fall over Utrillo on the pavement in Paris. If those days now seem, at least financially, to belong to a past age that is not mainly due to the change in artistic taste but rather to a change in the habits of the rich. Especially the American rich, who agree with their less rich British friends that land and pictures are the best forms of gilt-edged security. Add to this the dollar at seven shillings and you find that the world's great pictures are priced right out of the market for anyone in this country—including the National Gallery. The option to buy any really valuable picture before it leaves this country helps very little, for with a £20,000 income it can seldom buy a Cézanne, let alone a Velasquez. Perhaps the British excuse for starving our galleries in this way is that we already have the most wonderful collection of old masters anywhere (with, I suppose, the arguable exception of Paris or Florence), and that we feel it greedy to hold on to others that may come from English country houses or be offered for sale in the world market. After all, I can imagine the argument running, the people who buy these pictures are first and foremost the Americans, who have a large country lacking in those ruins and beauty spots which Europe so freely displays. What could be more proper than that they should want to educate the next generation on Europe's surplus accumulation of masterpieces? I am afraid this won't comfort Sir Philip Hendy, who very naturally complains that the National Gallery is being starved, but the argument may be provocative enough to win him some unexpected support.

* * *

I've seen very little in the papers about the rent strike in Crawley, but I gather that it has been quite an impressive demonstration—and a good-tempered one at that. For more than three weeks, about half the tenants in the new town have been refusing to pay rent increases of two and three shillings a week, and pickets have been following the rent collectors on their rounds. The campaign started with a mass march and a demonstration which closed all the factories for an hour or so, and by arrangement with the managements—who, in this case, support their workers because higher rents will add to their labour problems—the men made up the time at the end of the day. Window-bills announcing that the household is on strike can be seen all over the town, and on Tuesday a large crowd attended a special meeting where the parish council agreed to urge the councils in other new towns to protest against the government policy of dear housing. Rents have always been higher in new towns than on council estates, because there has been no rate subsidy, and successive increases in interest rates have really made things impossible for the development corporations, which are obliged to pay their own way. I don't know how this rent strike will end. But it has certainly made an effective protest against a policy that is crippling new town development.

* * *

I am sorry to see that the Commissioner of the District of Delhi has banned Aubrey Menen's very amusing book, *Rama Retold*, recently published by Chatto & Windus. This is not, of course, an example of totalitarianism, but of its ugly little sister, religious bigotry. Mr. Menen's writing is caustic and his use of the Ramayana very free. Indeed, he does not pretend that his book is not largely fiction. But even the parts that are pure invention have something of the flavour and art of Indian classics. Maybe his worst sin is that he makes merciless and persistent fun of the Brahmins. I shall no doubt be told that the Ramayana is to orthodox Hindus something of a sacred book. To which I shall reply that it is seldom the most deeply religious who mind people laughing at their religion; it is usually rather those who doubt within themselves and are afraid lest the mass of their followers should also doubt and spurn their authority.

* * *

A chuckle of satisfaction seems the most appropriate reaction to pay-off of the story about the prisoner who got £190 from the Prison Commissioners in the High Court for failing to look after him properly. I hear that the Commissioners themselves recognise the decision (I won't say they are enthusiastic about it) as vindicating the principle that, when you lock a man up, you take over full police responsibility for guarding him against mayhem, and that if you put him among dangerous companions who can somehow acquire razor blades and other sharp instruments you, as well as the prisoner, are running a certain risk. I quite expect to hear now that prisoners with bruises, black eyes, cuts and anxiety neuroses are queueing up for writs against the Commissioners, with even more of them demanding transfers to quieter prisons "or else." I wonder how many people remember the shocking story of Thomas Parker, who died of injuries he received in Winson Green Prison, Birmingham, in 1934? He was serving a fourteen-day sentence for what was called "sleeping out"—his only offence being to sleep one night under a parked steam-roller; and he was so enraged at his treatment that he resisted prison discipline (and so would I) at every point where it touched him. I doubt whether his case would ever have got more than a local inquest paragraph if it hadn't been for Major-General Spears, who took the case up and crowned a vigorous campaign against the iniquitous "sleeping-out" clause with the passing of his Vagrancy (Amendment) Act, 1935. The issue left undecided by that case, and discussed a thousand times since, was precisely this one about the liability of the Prison Commissioners for the safety of their charges, and I should imagine no one is more pleased than General Spears to see the courts at last decide it in the way that he always thought right.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Warning to Teachers.—Mr. Janner (Leicester, North-West, Lab.) asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he was aware that teachers who cut big sheets of school paper into smaller sheets for their pupils were breaking purchase tax rules and had been warned that if they cut up sheets of more than 229½ square inches, education committees became liable for tax on the smaller sheets; and whether he would end this tax anomaly. —*Times Educational Supplement.* (E. E. Evans.)

An ownerless hole in the pavement was yesterday officially served with notice to mend itself. If it has not done so by Monday workmen will be sent to carry out the job.—*News Chronicle.* (F. J. Walesby.)

Countess Howe, wife of the famous pre-war motor-racing driver, has offered to serve as a barmaid at next month's charity Park Lane Fair. She will dispense champagne only.—*Sunday Express.* (N. Palmer.)

Because it was Prince Charles' birthday, J. M. asked for another chance when he appeared in Stranraer Police Court today charged with breach of the peace.—*Glasgow Evening News.* (Mrs. L. Morrison.)

A submission that a pedestrian could not possibly be a vehicle was upheld by Willesden Magistrates yesterday.—*Birmingham Post.* (P. Rogers.)

The Riddle of the Sandys

The Walrus and the Carpenter,
With pencils in their hands,
Were doing little sums to solve
The Riddle of the Sandys;
"Duncan's arithmetic," they said,
"Nobody understands."

"If all sardines are to be tinned
Yet less is to be spent,
Will they fare worse," the Walrus said,
"Or pay a higher rent?"
The Carpenter said nothing, but
"That's not what Duncan meant."

"These poor sardines," the Walrus said,
"Whom they have taken in
Will all be paying through the gills
For an inferior tin."
"If only," moaned the Carpenter,
"If only they were thin!"

"O dear Sardines," the Walrus said,
"Caught in this mortal coil
Much harder work and less to eat
Your figures would not spoil;
You could both pay the rent and leave
More *lebensraum* for oil."

"If seven fives make thirty-five—
Why were they so abrupt?
One cannot do arithmetic
If people interrupt.
Let's leave it," said the Carpenter,
"Till after we have supped."

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To show who loves them most."
The Carpenter looked at the Sandys—
He did not like to boast,
But said, "They will not need a tin
When we have made the toast."

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Laying Henry VIII's Ghost

BECAUSE Henry VIII was afraid that gaming would detract from the practice of archery and undermine the country's military prowess, he enacted in 1541 "An Acte for Mayntenance of Artyllerie and Debarringe of Unlawful Games." Those sections of this act, now entitled the Unlawful Games Act, which prohibit the keeping for gain of any house for playing games, have never been repealed, although by the Gaming Act, 1845, its application to games of skill ceased. One result is that all organised card games played for stakes, except those of "skill," remain illegal. High legal authority has held that there are only two skilled card games—snap and animal grab. Except for those subsequently authorised under an act of 1698, public lotteries also remain illegal. All games of dice, except those played on backgammon tables, are equally outside the law.

Newspapers can run ingenious competitions offering four-figure prizes for grading bathing beauties, fashions, hats, household gadgets or car accessories in order of popular choice, because a substantial degree of skill is involved. The local clergy can run a raffle at a church bazaar to raise funds for a new organ; but if they sell a ticket outside the church hall, or before the bazaar is opened by the M.P.'s wife, the vicar is in danger of being hauled away in a Black Maria. Lotteries run by the Torquay Footballers Supporters Club to finance Torquay United were stopped; but the Somerset County Cricket Club supporters legitimately conduct a weekly football pool—and the Chancellor takes a 30 per cent rake-off. The clubman can phone his bookmaker to wager a thousand or more on horse or dog, but the man in the street cannot legally place a bob each way with the bookie's runner at the corner. The clubman is not, however, exempt from the ban on public lotteries. If Whites sank so low as to run a sweepstake and one of its members stepped across St. James's to peddle a ticket in Boodles, he would no doubt (so long as he escaped being kicked down the steps) be held in flippant conversation pending the arrival of a police car summoned by the more law-abiding men of Boodles. The local women's institute running a regular Tuesday whist drive for prizes invites a police raid; and two judges playing bridge for money at the Reform would risk appearing before the beak at Marlborough St. next morning.

Enforcement of the inconsistent and confused law on betting, gaming and lotteries still depends on the discretion of the police because efforts to bring it into line with public opinion have so far failed. Such attempts have on occasion been frustrated by modern inventions. The intention of parliament in forbidding betting houses in 1853 was to end all betting except private wagers; but the invention of telephone and telegraph made credit betting possible. Certain reforms followed the Royal Commission of 1932-33 but the present government has failed to act on the report of the Willink Royal Commission of 1949-51, which recommended revision and consolidation of the law to end the present muddle. Because of the Government's lack of courage it has been left to private members to take the initiative and in the last parliament Fred Mulley succeeded with his Pool Betting Act. The next most urgent task is the revision of the law of lotteries and gaming. (Cash betting is too controversial a matter for the private member to tackle.)

Action on lotteries is particularly urgent because of the court ruling in the case of Torquay United. Under the Betting and Lotteries Act, 1934, all but private lotteries remained illegal. Two kinds were permitted. First, those incidental to an entertainment such as a bazaar. No money prizes were allowed, the total value of prizes was limited to £10 and tickets could be sold only at the entertainment. Secondly, private lotteries limited to members of the same society or to those living or working at the same place were permitted. On these there were no other restrictions. Many sports clubs received much needed aid from lotteries run by supporters' clubs; but last December on appeal the Lord Chief Justice decided in *Maynard* v. *Williams* that the Torquay club was organised for purposes connected with lotteries and therefore not within the 1934 Act, which confines such lotteries to "members of one society established and conducted for purposes not connected with gaming, wagering and lotteries." This peculiar judgment means that as soon as a society runs a lottery it may be deemed to be established for that purpose no matter what its other activities may be. This was not parliament's intention, and it is from this judgment that the necessity for the Small Lotteries and Gaming Bill arises. Its purpose is to return to the intention of the 1934 Act and to legalise private lotteries organised to assist charitable, sporting and other societies. Their size is to be limited to £500, of which half, after the deduction of expenses limited to 5 per cent, can be distributed in prizes—with a top prize of £100. The balance must be devoted to the purposes of the society. The present restriction on sale of tickets to members, which is so difficult to observe and enforce, is removed; but the limitation on the size of the lottery and a ban on sending tickets through the post except to members restrict the sale of tickets.

The Bill's gaming provisions are even more modest. Their purpose is to permit women's institutes, churches, political parties and others to organise whist drives—at present illegal because the players are shuffled as well as the cards—and other games, and to give prizes, provided no individual can make much out of them. For each day there can be only one charge or stake, limited to five shillings. Total prize money is to be £25. It is inconceivable that the inveterate gambler at cards, or the keeper of gaming houses, will thereby be encouraged in his evil ways. At best the church hall will be secure from police raids and at worst the suburban housewife will neglect her household duties for the local bridge club.

Anyone who attempts to legalise gambling, on however small a scale, invites trouble. It should be possible to resist such wrath if it can be shown that the proposals bring about a greater observance of the law and thereby restrict rather than extend gambling. Laws which public opinion rejects because it finds them unjustifiable or unreasonable cannot be enforced, and when the law is unenforceable there is no limit to evasion. So it is with lotteries. A great number are run—illegally—by reputable organisations, from churches to political parties. Many a Catholic priest, civil servant and M.P. is forced to turn a blind eye to the manner in which funds are raised for church, club or constituency. If such lotteries are restricted in size and organised so that they cannot be run for private gain, the law will be brought into line with normal practice and its enforcement will become possible because it will be acceptable.

This small measure may not lay Henry VIII's ghost but it will remove a few of the anomalies of the present law, without infringing those principles which ought to be observed when any form of gambling is legalised. I doubt whether the running of lotteries by supporters of sports clubs, the sale of tickets to non-members and the playing of whist in the working men's club will undermine the country's ability to pay its way or win its wars. I think the risk can be run.

ERNEST DAVIES

Cross-roads in Central Africa

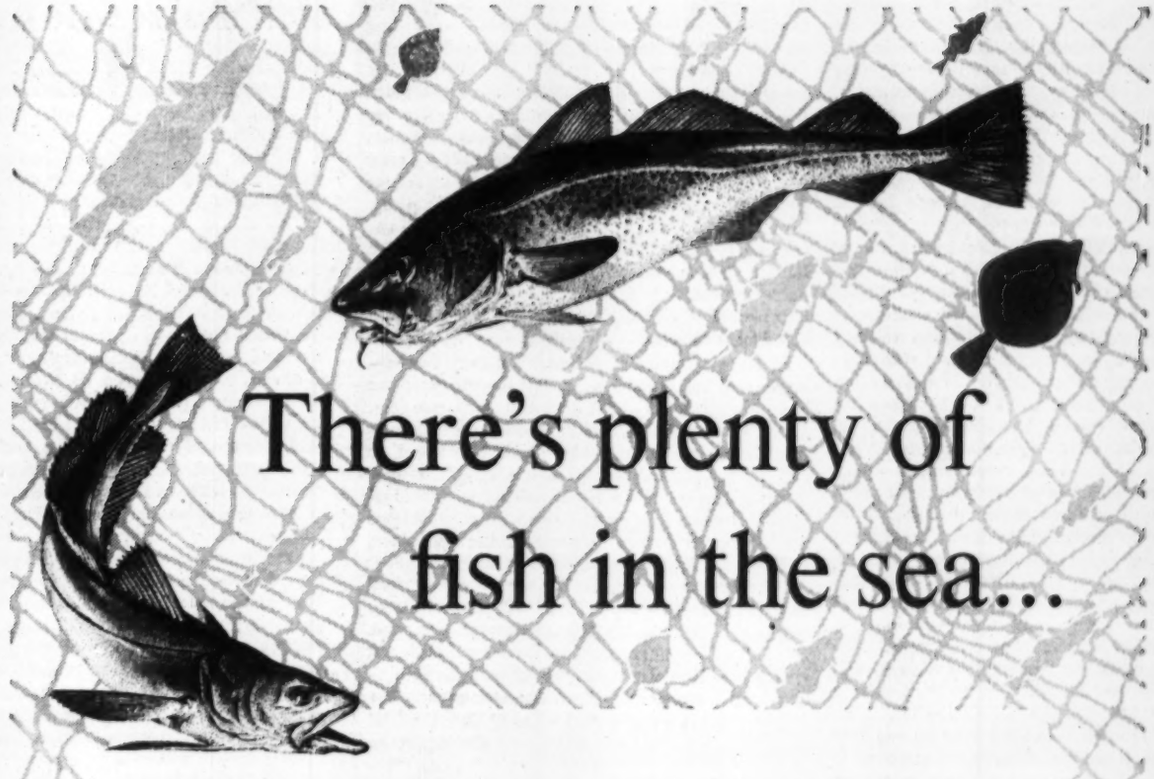
THE hotel bar in Kitwe might have come straight out of the wild west; sawdust was sprinkled on the floor; well-used spitoons encircled the bar; the air was heavy with tobacco smoke and the uninhibited language of the hard-bitten, open-necked miners. As I stood at the bar corner, listening to half a dozen conversations at once, my ears were assailed by a single universal phrase: "These bloody niggers." I watched whisky, brandy and beer disappearing in unbelievable quantities, and I remembered that the owners of these Welsh, Scottish, Northumbrian and Cornish accents are earning on an average £2,400 a year. What they are spending is nobody's business. Sleek, liner-like American cars stood outside the door; amongst the community are 35 private aeroplanes. The "niggers" earn perhaps £5 a month.

I stood on the verge of the tarmac and watched a Dakota circle the airfield and bump along the strip. The door opened and about 30 green-sweatered, khaki-trousered Negroes came down the steps and lined up in two ranks. Shortly afterwards they marched off, kit-bags slung over their shoulders, and the plane was filled by an odd assortment of new black passengers. This shuttle service is operated by the South African mine companies; and the plane had flown from Johannesburg—its occupants to disperse to their various villages in Nyasaland, the newcomers to fly south and begin their contracts on the Rand. All over southern Africa the Nyasalander is known; for he wanders widely to seek a living in his youth and he is valued as a steady, intelligent worker. This is the new "initiation-substitute" through which the young man wins his spurs, and often his bride-price, in the white man's town.

I stood beside the entrance to the general post office in Salisbury. It was noon on a hot, bright Saturday, and along the straight, shimmering streets came hundreds of black workers released from the factories and workshops. They made for their separate, windowless buses which take them off to the locations. Across the pavement police were examining passes. Some of the workers made for the post office, but they entered it by the segregated, "native" entrance.

Nearly two and a half years ago three countries came together in a federal state: Northern Rhodesia, the land of the copper belt and the wide open barren spaces, where primitive tribal life meets international industry; Nyasaland, a poor overcrowded country of feudal plantations and missionary education, a vast labour reserve; Southern Rhodesia, the modern industrial settlement which beckons to immigrants from Europe and South Africa and reserves half its land for white men. Here Africans are segregated and have to carry passes; but they are needed for the menial, unskilled tasks in factory and villa. After two years of argument and schism, of deputation and petition, and against the will of all vocal Africans, these three countries were joined together by the political act of Britain, 200,000 Europeans being given power to rule the 6,000,000 Africans.

What has happened during the ensuing two



There's plenty of fish in the sea...

it should be cheap . . . *it's free, isn't it?*

It has been said that "Britain is an island made of coal and surrounded by fish." That's perfectly true in a sense and might lead you to suppose that you can get all the fish you want at next to nothing!

However, it's not quite as easy as that! Our island is surrounded by fish all right but it's not *closely* surrounded, for the near waters are largely fished out, and the great shoals are today only to be found far away in wild and icy, distant waters. Yes, there's plenty of fish in the sea, but getting them out of the sea and bringing them home to you is one of the most difficult, dangerous and expensive jobs in the world. The ships of Britain's Distant Water Fleet have to be built to fight the heaviest weather, and equipped with the latest and very expensive radar and electronic devices so that they can find the fish many fathoms deep in the great Arctic wastes. They cost upwards of £200,000 and a voyage of three weeks — a week out, a week fishing and a week home — costs about £6,000.

This vast expense has to be covered before the Trawler Venturers can begin to receive any reward for the great risks they take. Only too often the price realised by the fish doesn't cover the cost. Two years ago the Hull, Grimsby and Fleetwood trawler companies lost over £2,000,000*. Things are better now, but, with prime cod averaging only 5d. a pound at the dockside, many a trip shows a loss if the skipper's luck is out — if the fish elude him or a gale cuts down his fishing time and prolongs his voyage for several days, at £300 a day! Yet, in spite of the hazards and costs, fish is still the cheapest first-class food money can buy!

**White Fish Authority Annual Report.*

BRITISH TRAWLERS

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years? Evidence has appeared which seems to justify both the hopes of the federationists and the fears of the critics. It is true, for example, that the Federal Party, which supports racial partnership decisively, won the first federal elections. Yet it is also significant that the Confederates, with their belief in separate racial states, polled about a third of the votes. This is a much higher proportion than that gained by the South African nationalists when they first appeared in the electoral field before the first world war; yet 10 years later they formed the government. On the one hand the bitter racial struggle on the copper belt reached new depths this year, when European miners deliberately blacklegged during an African strike; on the other, the 20 years' struggle to break the white monopoly of skilled work in the mines has ended with the white unions agreeing to accept some African advance into skilled work. In the new Federal Assembly six black faces appear among the 29 white ones. Six black representatives for 6,000,000 black inhabitants is small enough compared with the 26 white men who represent a population of 200,000. Yet a parliament has been created in southern Africa with white and black sitting side by side. What stupidity it is, then, to mar this picture by failing to provide catering facilities in the Assembly building for white and black to eat together.

Economically, it would obviously be premature to expect the effects of federation to appear clearly. There is no doubt whatever, though, that the Northern Rhodesians have suffered considerable shocks during the past two years. It is not only that the Southern Rhodesian Kariba hydro-electric scheme has been chosen in preference to their own plans for Kafue, nor that they feel that Southern Rhodesian industry is being given preference over that of the north. What has even more profoundly shocked them is the state of Southern Rhodesian finances. The deficit there, caused partly by rank inefficiency in industry and partly by the strain of trying to provide social services for the rapidly increasing immigrant population, is undermining the whole federal economy. It may even destroy the federation itself. Certainly the Northern Rhodesians will not be content to prop up Southern Rhodesian inefficiency; and, although Nyasaland is less vocal, an outcry has already begun there against the discrimination in favour of Southern Rhodesian industry. Among the Nyasalanders, in fact, the feeling persists that the rest of the federation regards them only as a labour reserve and they are highly indignant at being prevented from starting cotton mills because of the policy of protecting Southern Rhodesian textiles.

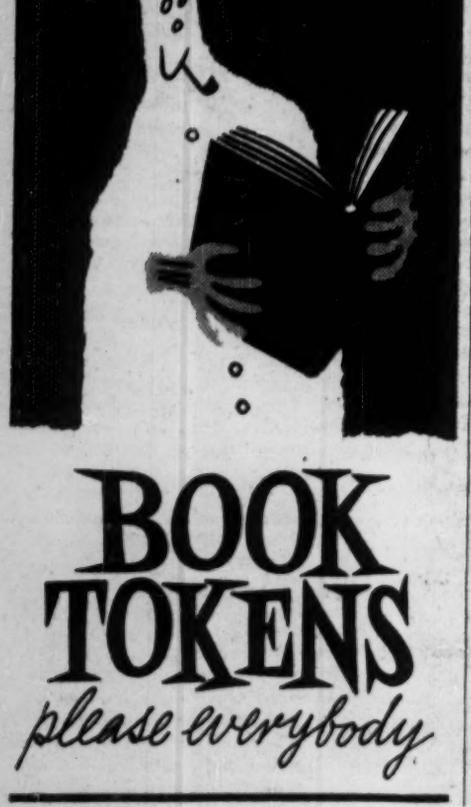
In the immediate future three issues—academic, industrial and political—will test the federation and may well decide its ultimate fate. In 1957 the new university is due to receive its first students. It will start its life pledged to the interracial ideal and the first principal, Walter Adams, can be relied on to preserve this ideal with the utmost integrity. Two tough problems have, however, to be overcome. In the first place, African secondary education is so meagre that it will be extremely difficult for some years to find any considerable number of African students capable of qualifying for university entrance. Secondly, the university is sited in Salisbury, where hostility can be expected to both educational and social mixing of the students.

The second issue is to be found in industrial relations. The European Miners Union in the copper belt has moved far in admitting the principle of African advancement; and the next test will come when the new trade union legislation is introduced. This may well present a substantial challenge to free trade unionism in Northern Rhodesia which only a united front between white and black unions will be able to meet. Meanwhile, what of Southern Rhodesia, where African trade unions are not yet recognised? Measures to legalise them are now before a select committee, but it is significant that the right to strike is not even being considered. Once again the preservation of trade union segregation endangers the basic principles of free trade unionism, while the maintenance of a white monopoly in skilled work aggravates industrial inefficiency.

Finally, and perhaps most fundamentally, comes the issue of political rights, for federal decisions of vital significance have to be taken in the next few months. The European politicians of the federation are casting round for methods of creating conditions for citizenship and the franchise which will preserve the supremacy of the white minority over the black majority, without smelling too rankly of discrimination. The Southern Rhodesians brought this off in 1951, when they raised their franchise qualifications from £100 income, or £150 of property, to £240 and £500 respectively. But in the future, such manœuvres will be known for what they are.

In the long run, a Central African state can prosper only if it enlists the support of the African people and ultimately comes under their majority influence. At present African organisations may be weak, divided and somewhat bewildered. They will, however, recognise any barriers which are deliberately placed before their progressive advancement. It must be clear that the conflicts which could then ensue might break the foundations of federation itself.

JOHN HATCH



Fleet Street Notebook

THERE is little doubt that we are now all set for the biggest newspaper circulation war since the 1930s, when the *Express*, *Herald*, *Mail* and *News Chronicle* spent £60,000 a week between them for the cajoling and enticing of laggard readers. Naturally, following the Kemsley close-down, the first battlefield is Manchester; it is a long time since so rich a prize as the 467,000 displaced readers of the *Daily Dispatch* was dangled in front of circulation managers. But the circulation war is unlikely to be restricted to the north: much more is involved in it than a struggle for ex-*Dispatch* readers, important though they are. This local fight is a preparation for the bigger war ahead, timed to reach its peak when newsprint rationing ends in March next. Already some of the old weapons are being reburnished. The *Express* and the *Mail* have both launched £10,000 competitions and the *Express* group has gone into the book business again with a "unique" offer of a presentation library of "ten classics of English literature" complete with a case "in the same motif as the luxurious bindings" specially designed to be "a focal point of your room."

But for the moment the main battle ground is Manchester, now as crammed with circulation managers and high newspaper executives as an advertising convention. The *News Chronicle* has got in first by buying the title, goodwill and copyrights of the *Dispatch* and taking over some of its most popular features. How many of the *Dispatch* readers will follow the copyright is, however, still anybody's guess; once jerked out of the habit of years, newspaper readers tend to get ideas in their head and refuse to do what is expected of a properly indoctrinated captive audience. The *News Chronicle's* northern edition has, however, always been more local in flavour than those of the *Express*, *Mail* or *Herald* and this may make *Dispatch* readers, who might otherwise find the rest of the paper a little highbrow for their taste, feel more at home. I hope it does, for the *News Chronicle* could do with a fillip to face the rigours ahead. Until this *Dispatch* chance came along, its circulation curve, which had gone below even where it was a quarter of a century ago, was of a kind to give melancholia to those who regard it as far and away the most generally intelligent and consistently adult of the popular dailies. Possibly the *Dispatch* readers will now give intelligence its due, although I am bound to say that the *Express* and the *Mail* remain confident that it was not necessary to pay out good money in the condemned cell to inherit most of the estate.

All these conjectures, however, depend to a very considerable extent on what the *Mirror* does when it starts printing a northern edition on the *Dispatch* plant next Monday. The *Mirror* is the real pace-maker in the new circulation war both locally in Manchester and elsewhere. To achieve a 4,725,000 circulation while printing only in London is so staggering by any ordinary standards that other newspaper executives understandably have nightmares when they think what it may do with a northern printing and distribution centre as well. The handicaps have been serious. Again and again *Mirror* readers in the north have been denied important news, including what is generally regarded as vital to circulation, late sporting results. They even had to go without the announcement of Princess Margaret's decision because it came too late for the *Mirror's* early edition. Now that this situation is being over-

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come the *Mirror* clearly has every reason to expect that before long its circulation will soar above the 5,000,000 mark and eventually go much higher. But where are the new readers to come from?

After allowing for the natural increase in newspaper readership due to the rise in population I reckon that some 5,790,000 of the 6,480,000 increased sales for national newspapers since before the war is to be accounted for by an entirely new market among those who did not previously read daily newspapers. More than 90 per cent of this market has been captured by two newspapers—the *Mirror* and the *Express*—and no less than 57 per cent. of it by the *Mirror* alone. To an extent no other paper has been able to do it has perfected an idiom this new public understands. Moreover a higher percentage of its readers read nothing else than is the case with those of any other paper, although in this matter the *Express* runs it close. No doubt by traditional news standards they often get a somewhat odd picture of the world around them. Still it is a picture which interests and excites them—and it contains a surprising amount of serious political and social material.

It seems unlikely, however, that there is much of this entirely new market left to develop. The *Mirror's* future gains in circulation are likely to be at the expense of other popular newspapers to a much greater extent than has been true so far. It is out of this fact that future casualties in the newspaper war are likely to come. Nor can any of its rivals take comfort from the fact that, unlike the *Express* and *Mail*, it is not printed in Scotland. Its purchase of the *Glasgow Daily Record* means that the *Mirror* technique will be employed with a Scottish accent. Politically, too, its northward drive may have substantial consequences. Its political impact on its readers is probably several times greater than that of any other popular paper, and with the *Mirror* taking over from the Conservative Kemsley in the great industrial area of Glasgow and campaigning for radical policies throughout the north from its new Manchester base, Transport House ought, indeed, to be feeling happy.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

The Big Mill

THE big mill arrived on Saturday. We have been watching for it, hearing rumours of its movements farther down Kintyre. Towards the end of last week it began to rumble up the Campbeltown road on the way to Carradale. On Saturday it was at High Ugadale, threshed three stacks in a long morning of brilliant sunshine and came on here, settling down like a couple of elephants under its green tarpaulins in the middle of the stackyard. Then the rain came.

A threshing mill needs a team to work it: three on top feeding in, two forking up to them, two on the sacks where the grain comes out, two or three to build the new straw stack and maybe one to drive away the sacks to the girnal where the corn is to be stored. So somebody comes from every farm that is anywhere near. In return one of you goes to his farm when the time comes. Which means that some woman is worrying about the dinner for the threshers; for one has to make plans ahead for a dinner for twelve hungry men.

Sunday seemed fairly promising, so when I went to milk I took over the joint to Doris, who said she would also see to the soup. Then she gave me a kettle of water to make hot meal for the cow which had just calved. But Catherine wouldn't touch it; she seemed more interested in trying to eat my socks. I wonder how much mental and physical pain cows go through in the process of being useful to us. I hate seeing the little Ayrshire bull calves being tied into sacks and sent off to the butchers: most vegetarianism is built on that.

Monday looked unpromising but the mill men were here at eight. The mill belongs to one of them, and I'm afraid it is much more efficient than the government one ever was! The rain hung off and they opened up the top of the mill, while Lachlan took the thatch off one of the stacks. Joan, who used to be my land-girl, had said she wouldn't see me stuck, so in a while she was over with her youngest, a tough young man keen on rocking-horses. We put on potatoes, cabbage and stewing apples and I made a rather complex milk pudding, doubling everything in the recipe, putting on my spectacles to read it and taking them off to stir, because they are the kind that keep on dropping into things.

When I went out, the first bags of oats were coming through, nice dry corn, but small. The stack was threshing well, but when we came to the part which had heated at harvest time the grain was discoloured. When things are going well, a sack takes about three minutes to fill, then you drop one shutter and lift another so that corn pours out of a different spout. This gives you time to pleat the mouth of the first sack, tie it with twine and heave it into the trailer. At the other end Eddie and Colin were building the straw stack, catching the bundles of straw as they came off the teeth of the mill. We shall need all that straw for the beasts this winter.

A threshing mill is a very pre-atomic piece of machinery. It is driven off a wobbly belt from a tractor's power drive and is full of moving trays and forks: simple components worked by simple rods and cranks. No bit of it can be said to be streamlined; there is no stainless steel, and for that matter, very little paint. But it does its job, though the trays are apt to get clogged with damp stuff. Once the rain came on so hard that we fetched the tarpaulin and put it back on the stack. Then it eased off and Lachlan finished pitching off that stack. There are very few rats so far. They come in winter and the February threshing is enlivened—for those who like it—by rat massacres.

MacKinnon from Ugadale had come, brother to our MacKinnons at Auchnasavil, who are renowned for their beautiful ploughing. There was one of the Patersons, a Strang boy and Johnnie MacLean; but with the weather the way it was, it didn't seem worth while getting the rest of the Glen. We went in to our dinner, talked about Princess Margaret and how hardly the poor lassie had been done by and maybe she would scarcely have the heart to eat her own dinner. My pudding was like an English débutante: nice texture but no particular taste. Still, they finished it. Then the rain really came on; there was nothing doing in the afternoon. All night it was battering round the house. But the morning came with the clouds clearing raggedly, and by nine the Glen had come down in force, with Rory handsome in his red jersey, Dunkie with his aged pipe, and another MacKinnon; and the mill started up. We got through two stacks and a small one, the odds and ends that had been left over from the last field. All went without a hitch. Clouds hung among the hills, but not a drop came our way. Would I have the dinner early and then they would move on to the Baker's for the afternoon? They would get his past and be away up to Auchnasavil by the evening.

I rushed on another pudding and Joan set-to on the potatoes. By mid-morning the beautiful golden straw stack was towering eight feet above the mill. It will settle down, though, to half its height, and we shall feed it all out before the next threshing of the last two stacks. These small, northern stacks thresh at about a ton-and-a-quarter each, say four tons altogether for the three-and-a-bit stacks. It looks like good feeding oats. We shall bruise some for the milk cows, use some for the old horse and the hens—but the deep litter hens need their own special feed—and get some ground at the water-mill out beyond Campbeltown for our own porridge. Sowing oats will be from the next threshing. But I don't see us having any to sell this year, unless the odd bag for some of our hen-keeping neighbours.

Not long after eleven the driving belt slowed down and the mill men started shutting up the flaps, pulling out the trays, for all the world like big kitchen sieves, and shaking out the chaff. The tractor pulled it slowly out of the stackyard and we took in the last of the corn sacks. I'd be glad if, at Dunkie's age, I could still carry a hundredweight of corn on my shoulders. At dinner there was much amiable wrangling about where the mill was to go next, Rory and Johnnie each saying their own potatoes were the best. It struck me that this was exactly what the Chinese call a "mutual aid team". Funny, how embarrassing we should find it to call ourselves anything of the kind! But that was just what we were. In the end they all went off cheerily to an afternoon at the Baker's, Lachlan going from here with our tractor, which is always a great help for carrying the corn sacks. The weather is coming from a clear sky now. If it stays in the same airt we shall get the whole of the threshing through this week.

NAOMI MITCHISON

The Arts and Entertainment

Good Painting

It is very early. The light like a lean stray dog, skirting the outhouses and letting the sleeping woods lie, ambles down the centre of the open grey road. Over the estuary there is mist. Near whitewash is darker than the far horizon. All right. All right. But how to paint it? We are not miller's sons like Constable. We see the variations in nature but not the day's work. Nor can we accept the romantic or classic ideals; we have witnessed the abuse of imaginations too often to believe that it is divine, and we have breathed too much fog to be lured by the promise of mists. We recognise and want to preserve the freshness of nature—the cleanliness of its scale. "Look, everything's white," shouts the child after a night's snow. Or we watch a dog rolling on its back among buttercups. Yet by itself this freshness is only a sensation. We have to give order and purpose to it. Calligraphically like the Chinese? Structurally like Cézanne who organised mountains out of no more than petals of colour? There are many ways. Perhaps too many for our concentration. But the essential combination is that of freshness and order—as though the wind were controlled to turn invisible windmills, as though the light first touched each object at the same bright moment as our brushes depicted it. The task is easy to describe, hard to undertake. The complexity of the wood or corn demands searching, checking, the imaginative effort to see, not just where a hidden footpath leads, but how a green leads to a cloud; the freshness demands, after the search, great confidence and a natural hand.

Three of the best paintings in the London Group's Members Only Show at Whitechapel go a long way to meeting these demands: Anthony Fry's, William Townsend's and David Bomberg's. The Fry is of a wooded hill at sunset. The penny sun could have been left out. It remains a romantic symbol and the composition barely needs it. But the care of this painting—the blue tree-line sinking into the distant orange sky like the most precise writing in ink on blotting paper, the drawers of shadow under the trees, the hard rise and fall of the ground so that the light can press against it like warmth against indoor walls—these phenomena have been interpreted with such care that the picture *is* the evening as we each apprehend and give meaning to it. "It's getting dark, we must go."

The Townsend (No. 95) of a hedge in front of a yellow cornfield is painted very thinly—the light transparent as spring water, the composition as careful as a graph. The wind gathers the long grasses into sheaf shapes and the most exact tonal observation ties them up as deftly as any harvester. The Bomberg is of the Ronda mountains in Spain, like most of his recent landscapes, and here it is the live effect of the sun and wind on the ochreous density of the rocks themselves that has been preserved and set in order. One searches in one's imagination for the connection between temperature and landslides.

Other works which are sufficiently serious to force one to take them on their own terms include Ceri Richards's highly formalised *Bee-Keeper*, a mounting swarm of netted yellow bits of sunlight, half-reminiscent of the actual comb, and half-reminiscent of a cloud of brown bees like jumbled musical notes which have somehow been made visible by being played through a great golden trumpet announcing a summer noon: a sumptuous Mathew Smith nude (in fact she is clothed, but one remembers her as nude) of about 1926: Robert Medley's *Antique Room* which, for all its accurate draughtsmanship—each brush-touch round a plaster head pressed home into the form like the thinnest pellet of putty, is really a mythological drama: Le Brocquy's witty tapestry

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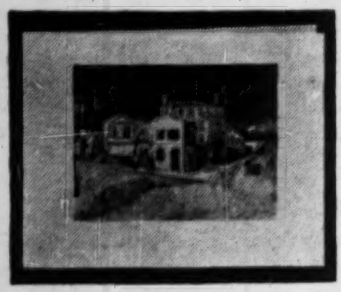

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of the Serpent in the Garden, Edward Wolfe's pastel of the Tower Bridge, Lynton Lamb's still life of a manuscript, Bernard Adeney's *Greenwich Park* and Feibusch's woman reading in bed.

The other week I suggested that the searching reader might go and see Harry Baines's paintings and drawings of India at the Imperial Institute. I can now assure him that he will not be disappointed. I came away with a more vivid—and conscience-strung—picture of India than I have ever had before. And this was not simply because Baines has chosen fishermen, women labourers, beggars, peasants, poor housewives, as subjects. It is because he communicates what he feels himself by means of superb draughtmanship. The weight of a stone that a woman carries on her head can be seen in her ankle. The solemn, strong modelling of the charcoal drawing declares the terrible price, in terms of exhaustion and early ageing, of her beauty of energy. The Delacroix-like colour of the painting of her resting on a beach with a friend expresses the voluptuous luxury of her briefest leisure. Yet there is no philanthropy in these works. Baines knows profoundly that one can only protest genuinely for others by means of admiration. Occasionally his use of the palette knife is overdone; the left-hand group of fishermen shoving their boat out to sea in the largest canvas on show, is worthy of comparison with Guttuso; with such strength there is no need for superficial surface "weight." Also I think that sometimes he should model his heads further—to greater subtlety: Delacroix again, perhaps, as an example. These, however, are quibbles; this is an impressive exhibition and an important contribution to the development of English realism.

JOHN BERGER

A New Voice

THE Juilliard String Quartet of New York has been enriching our concert life with some stimulating programmes magnificently performed. They are the most persuasive advocates of modern chamber music heard here for many years, and readers may like to make a note of the remaining dates (Dec. 2, 7, 12, 20) on which they are to complete their broadcast cycle of the six Bartók quartets.

On Tuesday of last week, at the International Music Association's premises in South Audley Street, they made their bow in Schönberg's No. 3, Webern's *Five Pieces* and Bartók's No. 6; their performance of the Schönberg, especially, both sensuous and authoritative, presented this difficult work in the most favourable light by underlining its relationship to traditional Viennese style. The I.M.A. programme, stiff as it may appear, was, however, child's play compared with that which the same players gave on behalf of the Institute of Contemporary Arts three days later at the Wigmore Hall. This contained Bartók's No. 4 (of which the second movement, a muted Prestissimo, was miraculously played), a short and somewhat insipid Quartet by the Norwegian Fartein Valen (1887-1952) and an immense and formidable Quartet by Elliott Carter which I found continuously absorbing and impressive—the unmistakably decisive utterance of a new voice.

Though born in New York in 1908 and the subject of a short entry in the new *Grove*, Elliott Carter has become prominent among American composers only, I think, since the appearance of his three large post-war works, the Piano Sonata of 1946, the Cello Sonata of 1948 and the String Quartet of 1951. In this country he was virtually unknown until William Glock devoted an article to his work in *The Score* for June, 1955. Glock's article was mainly concerned with a novelty in Carter's rhythmic procedures which is generally known as "metrical modulation," though I wonder whether "metrical transition" might not suit the case just as well, and give less cause for confusion. Broadly speaking, this is a method of writing whereby changes and relationships of speed are organised more elaborately and with greater subtlety than is usual, so as to provide both dramatic impact and structural continuity. In his Quartet, which is obviously the goal towards which his life-work had previously been moving, Carter goes so far as to write, not consistently but fairly often, in a *counterpoint* of different speeds. I will say no more on this subject at present, partly because Glock's exposition has made it unnecessary to do so, but still more because too much insistence on technical procedures, however novel and important they may be, is capable of distracting attention from the merits of the music and even of arousing prejudice against it. Some readers will humbly suppose that such music is bound to be beyond their ken; others will assume that it must represent a mere exercise in intellectual ingenuity.

That only an intellectual type of composer could have conceived and carried through the vast structural plan of this Quartet is undeniably true, and it is also true—at any rate I found it so—that a powerful intellectual ferment seethes throughout the long work. But it is neither dry nor pedantic; on the contrary, it is impassioned and vigorous, the music of a man intensely aware of the sensuous possibilities of sound. Even when, as in the first section, three or four types of activity are simultaneously in full spate, the resulting complex of tone is not straggling or lumpish but strong and compact, and the resulting harmonies, though often harsh, are neither vague nor feckless, but purposeful and directional. I should not like to have to prove this last statement, but I certainly felt convinced as I listened; just as I also felt myself from the outset caught up in a self-contained and consistent world of emotional tension and release. It is curious that much of the writing in this elaborately organised work should retain the gusty, spontaneous note of improvisation; but it is so; and some of the most exciting and original passages occur when each of the players appears to be improvising to his heart's content, regardless of his neighbour, yet is also mysteriously contributing to the massive onward drive and logic of the whole movement.

It is surprisingly difficult to say how many movements there are. In fact there are four (Fantasia, Allegro scorrevole, Adagio, Variations); but in appearance there are only three. That is to say, there are only two breaks, which do not as usual coincide with the arrival of a new movement (since that would break the scheme of metrical transition) but occur somewhat arbitrarily in the middle of movements. Glock suggests that these breaks are no more than concessions to the human weakness of an audience (also, perhaps, to the players' possible need for retuning?), and that, given ideal conditions, the composer would prefer his Quartet to run its 45-minute course unchecked. In performance, the second of the two breaks seemed fairly normal; but the first, which bisects the Allegro scorrevole (a scherzo movement of fantastic brilliance), is so odd as to be disconcerting; when the music resumes full pelt in the same figuration as before, we feel rather as we do in those primitive cinemas abroad where the end of each reel brings the action to an abrupt halt in mid-stream.

The resumed scherzo soon moves into an Adagio which is again of highly original design, though it is easier to grasp at first hearing because its emotional scheme is the same as that of the slow movement of Beethoven's G major Piano Concerto; it is, in effect, yet another transformation of one of music's perennial issues, that between Orpheus and the Furies. Here the Furies are the two lower strings which toss and turn, growl and grumble, in a series of massive chords and restless scale-passages; when they cease, the two violins enter far above, muted and tranquil, in serene and closely woven two-part harmony. The snarls return; so does the serene counterstrain; this time, however, the lower strings do not retire to their den, but with many a protest gradually allow themselves to be tamed, until (a wonderful moment, this) they, too, softly enter, muted, with cantabile phrases; even after that, they have one more recalcitrant outburst, before the music begins imperceptibly to drift

towards the last movement, a set of variations. I give this slightly impressionistic account of the slow movement in order to illustrate the strong emotional atmosphere of Carter's Quartet. He is not, I think, writing to any sort of extraneous programme, any more than Beethoven was; after all, the contrast of violence and serenity, and their ultimate reconciliation, is something which exists both in life and in art and is fundamental to the art of music.

There was a fine turn-out of composers and other professional musicians to hear this remarkable novelty, and I was glad to find that some of those whose opinions I most respect also thought highly of it. What was absolutely beyond question was the unfaltering certainty of the performance, described to me by one of our most experienced and eminent composers as "the greatest *tour de force* of quartet playing in his entire experience." I very much hope that the B.B.C. have persuaded the Juilliard players to record the work for future transmission; and that they will also give listeners a second chance to hear the fine Cello Sonata which first opened my eyes to Carter's lyrical breadth and exceptional ability to sustain an argument at length. It may be that his natural abundance is too little checked; that is something which we shall learn from familiarity with his music. At any rate, he has something to say which is urgent and very much his own.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

The Father Provincial

THERE is an excellent play of ideas, as well as an excellent part for Mr. Donald Wolfit buried in *The Strong are Lonely* at the Piccadilly. But "buried," I'm afraid, is the operative word. The action is laid in eighteenth-century Paraguay where the Jesuits had founded a flourishing community. The natives, before they came, had been exposed to the worst brutalities of a vicious colonialism. They had been starved, exploited, sold into slavery for the profit of the Spanish settlers. And then along had come the Jesuits to organise them into communities run justly and fairly on a profit-sharing basis, and there they were free, happy and contented. Naturally the natives had flocked to join these communities, had become Christians by the whole tribe in order to share these advantages. No less naturally the Colonial Spaniards had come to hate the Jesuits bitterly; they were robbing them of their slave labour. The more the Jesuit communities flourished, the worse became the economic position of the settlers.

The Father Provincial of the Society of Jesus in Paraguay who is responsible for this good work is a proud man. He doesn't fear the calumnies of the Settlers; he knows they are unfounded. Nor is he frightened of the threat of physical violence; his communities are all armed against attack. He is undisturbed by the danger of the natives' misusing this force; they are all imbued with the Jesuit doctrine of absolute obedience to superiors. There is justification, then—or so it would seem—for his pride. He is winning souls for Christ by the thousand, and his flock is well cared for.

But the Society of Jesus is not a sort of premature Salvation Army engaged in rescue work. When the time of judgment comes, it will be judged by its faith not by its works, and its judgment of its Father Provincial will be dramatically opposite to what he expects or seems to deserve. He has been wholly wrong in all he has done. All he is doing—as his superiors will mercilessly point out to him—is bribing the natives to Christianity with the offer of a soft option. That is not Religion as the Society has conceived it. This is a hard lesson for a proud man to learn. But he must—the vow of obedience is absolute—learn it. No good protesting that he has done nothing but good. No use appealing to the mercy of his superiors—for his thousands of natives will suffer cruelly if his protection is withdrawn. But what is the comfort of a few

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by MICHAEL BIALOGUSKI

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HEINEMANN

thousand natives in the eyes of the Society compared with an error such as his? He must face his error and disband his life's work. What is demanded of him is a spiritual revolution.

It could have been a magnificent subject. But, also, it isn't, in this treatment. The play of ideas needs an author interested in ideas, and this one doesn't seem to be, or, if he is, he doesn't work them into his dialogue which has the utter banality of a costume play of the Eighteen-eighties. This may be the translator's fault; and certainly the producer has helped create the odd illusion, for the acting and the action are conducted in the spirit of old-time historical melodrama. Not even Mr. Wolfit, assured, commanding and completely real as he is himself, can win us to this play in the face of the strutting puppetry of the rest of it.

T. C. WORSLEY

The Slough and the Stars

WHEN newspapers begin to call a politician "lovable," he knows that he is done for: it is the bell tolling in the knacker's yard. "Immortal" is, or ought to be, the "lovable" of popular music: it is merely euphemism for "hackneyed." Thus, Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* was "immortal" on B.B.C. television last Sunday night. However, it accompanied a ballet which did at least introduce viewers—many of whom probably think of ballet only in terms of *Sylphides*-type entertainment—to the brisker, check-shirt-and-jeans sort familiar to Wells-goers for a generation.

The week-end programmes on both channels provided an extraordinary assortment. A number of correspondents were shocked by my description, some weeks ago, of ITV's *People Are Funny*. I watched this again last Saturday and found it as morbidly fascinating as before: in order to hold viewers' attention it will surely have to scrape even more exhaustively its barrel of grotesque situation and human embarrassment.

Last Sunday a pleasant married woman of about thirty-five, whose husband was in the studio audience, was leeringly quizzed about her honeymoon (at Bournemouth) by Mr. Derek Roy—and then decked in bridal veil, given a bouquet and a suitcase to carry, and sent out alone into the streets of Tooting with instructions to accost the people she met, on the pavement, in cafés or in pubs, crying aloud to them: "Where's Henry? Have you seen my Henry? We've only been married twenty-five minutes, and he's gone and left me! . . ." This humiliating sortie was to be made, remember, not by a professional actress but by a private citizen who had—perhaps foolishly—allowed herself to be coaxed on to the stage; I must admit that, apart from a few protesting gasps, she did not seem to mind very much.

After she had gone out, Mr. Roy informed us that a stooge was following her—no doubt to protect her from untoward reactions, but also, as she entered a bar, to release the catch of the suitcase so that the contents would fall on the floor.

When the housewife-"bride" came back, she gave us a breathless account of her adventure. The suitcase had duly emptied itself in a pub: it had contained "eggs, oysters—oh, all sorts of things." "Where is your husband?" said Mr. Roy. "Out there somewhere," she said, pointing to the audience. "Oh no, he isn't," said Mr. Roy. A curtain on the stage parted: there was the husband—with a blonde in his lap. But there, too, was Mrs. X's prize—a "magnificent" refrigerator.

By comparison with this, another American-style "human-interest" programme, *This Is Your Life*, feared in advance for its tear-jerking vulgarity, is the essence of banal refinement. The person unexpectedly confronted with his past last Sunday was a South London Methodist club-founder, the Rev. James Butterworth. This was hard work for Eamonn Andrews, the *compère*: the victim preserved a cherubic equanimity, and did not hesitate to say a firm "No" when, as usually happened, he could not identify the voices of the old friends brought to meet him. This "life" came suddenly to life in its last few minutes, when the little minister described an unsuccessful fund-raising visit to America and its culmination in the "miracle" of meeting Bob Hope in Hollywood. But I fear that by this time many London viewers would have switched to *Sunday Night at the London Palladium*, which had scooped the B.B.C. by getting the Soviet Moiseyev dancers. (They will be seen on the B.B.C. this coming Sunday.)

There was an epidemic of Protestant ministers on television last Sunday night. The B.B.C. had an Edinburgh Presbyterian, Dr. Harry Whitley, who is no doubt a good man but seemed much too eager to be liked; he was more tolerable when he stopped smiling, which was rarely. Sometimes his gesticulating hands came too near the camera and looked enormous. He slipped once, inexcusably, into controversial politics. On the screen children were shown playing in a grim Edinburgh slum court—and this Christian minister had the temerity to refer to "the children, *whose life is being destroyed by so much planning today.*"

He was in direct competition with Dr. Billy Graham: for the agnostic, atheist, or Catholic viewer, the choice was a grisly one. It was perhaps unwise of Dr. Graham and his backers to show us a film of a revival meeting in Toronto, where he seems to be more uninhibitedly the fundamentalist sky pilot than at Oxford or Cambridge. There is surely a note of spiritual arrogance, as well as of menace, in: ". . . and when you hear the Gospel *as you've heard it tonight* and harden your heart . . . you're in a dangerous position"; but, if the "decision for Christ" is taken, "He guarantees that, the moment you die, your soul goes to heaven." Most distasteful of all is the presumptuous palliness of "Many of you say, 'But, Billy, if I give my life to Christ tonight . . .'"

For a more objective handling of religion we can look forward to the B.B.C.'s *Special Enquiry* next Tuesday. The last in this series, the justly praised programme on 'teen-agers, stands out as the finest piece of TV I have yet seen: its experimental technique, its montage of film and tape, were highly effective; and its vivid contrasts, in class-background and personality, of débutante and teddy-boy, student and cosh-boy ("I never feel sorry for anybody. Nobody feels sorry for me."), haunt the memory.

The great question asked about ITV is: Must sponsorship come? (Direct sponsorship, that is, with advertisers making themselves responsible for the content of programmes, as in America.) Sponsorship is already here, innocently enough—on the B.B.C. A fascinating recent film of underwater exploration was sponsored by, and credited to, B.P. A children's programme was by courtesy of the Encyclopædia Britannica (and this contained a valuable "plug": "Have some cheese, it's *very* good, it's *Cheddar* cheese").

Conversely, culture creeps in now and then on ITV's unassuming morning programmes, whose audience is even smaller than the Third's. On Tuesday the young American poet, W. S. Merwin, was interviewed: he emerged as an agreeably modest and civilised person.

Listeners still considerably outnumber viewers. Peak-hour for sound-radio is from 6 to 7 p.m., when TV is off (the "toddlers' truce"). The Third Programme pursues its admirable way (with perhaps slightly too much full-length Wagner). On Tuesday, for instance, it offered a talk on desegregation in the U.S.A., a concert of Spanish music (with a translation of Lorca's *Lament for Ignacio Sanchez Mejias* read by Beatrix Lehmann), a talk on the brain by Professor J. Z. Young, Beethoven's Eighth (Toscanini, on records), a talk on Roman Britain, a play from the novel *Lord of the Flies*, and a Tippett piano sonata.

Such uncompromising maintenance of standards is still one of the chief glories of British broadcasting.

TOM DRIBERG

and quiet flows the Don . . .

One of the illustrations to a short novel recently published in Soviet Literature

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An Italian Strong Man

"The Road," at the Curzon
"Oh, Rosalinda!!," at the Rialto
"Cockleshell Heroes," at the Empire
Chaplin Season, at the Charing Cross Road Cameo

At last year's Italian Season in London—transformed by the appearance of *Umberto D.* and De Sica—*The Road* made a middling impression. Seeing it again, I am ready to advance a little on anything I may have said. It plants itself. Story, characters, landscape are all firmer than I remember; and this not because I am unwontedly lenient now, but because then I saw it overshadowed. Usually I like the idea of circus films, and am let down by their conventionality. My recent disappointments have been a strong, and excessively rainy, affair from Sweden, and a British effort to be alert about a dwarf—but unfortunately the effort proved to be too much. *The Road* cuts back through fustian to the drama interest, I am sure, in sawdust and tinsel. That's to say it deals with individuals. The Strong Man, who bursts a chain by mere inhalation and bids us avert our eyes from the sight of blood, travels the roads in a tricycle van. The Female Clown, beating a drum and handing round the hat, is a simple girl whom he has bought for a few shillings. She thrills and shivers to her new life; especially when she gets beaten, and her man goes off with women. The third to complete the drama is the Tightrope Artist, a bit cracked, a bit taken by her and fascinated by him, as the matador is by a bull. But this bull will kill.

Here, then, is a time-honoured theme. Its treatment, while realistic, is not belittling. The rough life by road-sides, at street corners, under the stars, in and out of bars, at a country wedding, and with a small circus in winter, is most deftly and dramatically conveyed. But what creates tension is the people themselves. The girl, with her mopping and mowing and a nature easily seared (Giulietta Masina, whom the first time I had found a shade too cleverly foxing), catches the imagination; in flashes we guess what goes on behind the childish grimacing, in her joy of the trumpet, in the horse that wanders past as she sits all night on a kerb, in her whimpers after the death of her one, queer friend. She dreads her Strong Man (Antony Quinn)—who is a brute with glimmers—but could quite easily love him. He had left her under a wall when she was ailing, and stumbles on the news of her death by chance—through hearing a tune she used to play. This is one of the most telling moments in a narrative that from start to finish, without artificiality, achieves its own tenseness. Thanks to the direction of Federico Fellini, acting, background and photography are keyed to a unique purpose. *The Road* is a film which I should gladly visit again, and if it runs I shall.

The other films of the week are hardly memorable. *Oh, Rosalinda!!* is an up-to-date British version of *Die Fledermaus* set in four-power Vienna, with—thank heaven!—the unes, and a good deal of modern confectionery. *Cockleshell Heroes* is one of those mysterious Anglo-American war films in which everything is supposed to look authentic while a Major of Marines has an American accent (*José Ferrer*). This idiosyncrasy is made more patent by the disapproval of Capt. Trevor Howard.

There is a fortnight's season of early Chaplins at the Cameo which everyone should inquire into. Programmes are changed twice weekly. In the first batch I found five I knew and two fresh to me. It's a strange Arcadia, with its ceremonious behind-kicking, its attentions to women, its union of the doss-house and the *soirée*, its love of beards and the seaside, and jackanapes police. The Charlie of those days is ruthless, endearing—coy greased lightning. It is our good fortune that these two-reelers—16 of them—should be at large, not coming under the Chaplin ban.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

"AS BY LAW ESTABLISHED"

SIR,—The article on disestablishment in your last issue, apart from its general tenor, contains a number of questionable statements:

First, "the law" in ecclesiastical matters is *not* a part of the Common Law of England. This was decided in the *Colenso* case, which held that the law of the Church of England, unlike the Common Law, was not applicable to the colonial possessions of the Crown.

Secondly, it is not a "vulgar error" that "it all began with Henry VIII." The term *Ecclesia Anglicana* (not Church of England) was but a description of an area of the Catholic Church; in the same manner French provinces were said to be *Ecclesia Gallicana*. The phrase is used, among other instances, in Magna Carta by Cardinal Langton, there described as Cardinal of the "Holy Roman Catholic Church." In the words of Dr. Patterson—Anglican Chaplain to the then Bishop of Exeter—the Church of England before the Reformation was "Papalissima" or, as Makower, the church historian, wrote, "from the end of the twelfth century down to the Reformation no claim was made that England was in purely ecclesiastical affairs independent of the Pope—the statutes of Provisors and that of Premunire were loudly protested against by the English Archbishops and were confined to independence in temporal or royal rights."

Thirdly, it is incorrect to say that Bishops were "appointed by the Crown since at least the thirteenth century." Indeed, as Patterson says, "from the time of Edward III, the Pope's Bull was required for the confirmation of a Bishop's election." For example, one of many, we may take the case of Bishop Waynflete, appointed "by apostolic authority" to the See of Winchester by Pope Nicholas V (1447 to 1455). In the instance of Friar John Pecham, appointed Archbishop of Canterbury by papal authority in 1278, Robert Burnell, the King's nominee, was set aside by the Pope and Pecham received the Pallium and exercised full jurisdiction without royal objection. Like all pre-Reformation Bishops, including Cramner, he swore "to be faithful and obedient to St. Peter and my lord the Pope."

HENRY SLESSER

Postbridge, Dartmoor,
Devon.

VIRGIN BIRTHS

SIR,—I am a professional biologist who has worked for many years in the field of reproductive physiology, yet I found much of Dr. Spurway's article obscure.

One statement is sufficiently unambiguous to allow it to be questioned. Is it to be understood that your contributor implies that "water-tight" virgin births have been experimentally produced in mammals? If so, it would be interesting to have chapter and verse.

One further point. It seems rather shaky logic to argue that, because skin grafts in humans have hitherto only been successful between identical twins, if a case of successful grafting between a child and its mother were to be found it could be taken as evidence that the child was a product of parthenogenesis.

University of Reading. S. J. FOLLEY

KIBBUTZIM

SIR,—As both a faithful reader of the NEW STATESMAN and a member of a frontier kibbutz, I should like to make some brief comments on Critic's observaiton of the Middle Eastern scene. Though there may be some justification for spacious generalisations about Middle Eastern fanaticism, there is no justification for any generalisations about those who are afraid of a peace settlement. Ben Gurion undoubtedly gained support in frontier kibbutzim and elsewhere in that he represented for many voters a more active policy of response to Egyptian and other aggressiveness. But it is a far cry from this to the implication, that because frontier kibbutzim would lose some of their *raison d'être* in a more peaceful era, that the residents of these settlements desire a continuation of guerilla warfare in order to ensure

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a climate more suitable for their type of social experimentation.

I don't propose at this point to outline the successes and failures of our unique form of life. Suffice it to say that veteran kibbutzim have already integrated the grandchildren of their founders into the life of the community and that kibbutzim generally are more economically viable than most other sections of Israel's economy. Moreover, whatever problems may appear in more peaceful times, there can be no question that members of kibbutzim and indeed all Israelis want to live in peace.

It was my privilege recently to take some young Socialists from Asia, Africa, and South America, on a tour of Israel. They had just spent five months in western Europe as the guests of socialist parties in the various countries. But after their two weeks in Israel they said that they thought that we had the most to teach them about the building of a truly socialist community. I honestly believe that this was not the exaggerated politeness of guests and that indeed there is much here that can be of value to the under-developed countries and not least to our immediate neighbours.

But, of course, there are many people in the Arab countries, who though they are quite willing to accept Communist arms, want no truck with socialist or other progressive ideas. This is not the only reason for the continued existence of tension in this area, but it is assuredly a more valid reason than the fear of communal settlements to face the rigors of a peaceful environment.

Kvutzat Urim, Negev, Israel. NECHEMIA MEYERS

THE KEMSLEY PRESS

SIR,—As a former member of the editorial staff of a Kemsley local daily newspaper I take strong exception to statements concerning the provincial press made by Mr. Francis Williams in his Fleet Street Notebook. It is clear that Mr. Williams either is ignorant of what Kemsley ownership has meant to local mornings and evenings in furthering their development or is deliberately misleading your readers.

Surely every journalist knows by this time that in most instances the overtures came from the local owners. They realised how helpless small independent dailies with their meagre resources and lack of up-to-date plant were against the furious opposition of the popular nationals.

The company with which I was employed for many years before and after its sale to the Berry brothers was a prosperous concern, paying fat dividends. The papers, however, were produced on the cheap (scissors and pastel) and staff and plant were quite incapable of meeting opposition with any degree of success. The directors were aware of this and when the position began to get hot they literally begged the Berry brothers to acquire the whole of the company's shares.

As a working journalist I can assure Mr. Williams that the change of ownership came in the nick of time and that it has proved a blessing not only to the journalistic profession but also to the staffs in the other departments, to outside contributors and to the papers' readers who have been getting a vastly improved service of news, features and pictures. From the early days of the Kemsley ownership a new, confident, spirit became apparent throughout the whole of the office, wages and salaries were raised, staffs increased and step by step an extensive programme to modernise every department has been carried out. Today the office is fully equipped with modern plant.

That the papers concerned are alive and healthy today—and I can assure you they are—is due entirely to their association with Kemsley. And I do not think I exaggerate when I say that the other local dailies in the group are equally indebted to Lord Kemsley for the outstanding progress they have made and are continuing to make.

JOURNALIST

ROGER CASEMENT

SIR,—I should like to comment on Ralph Partridge's review of Admiral James' book *The Eyes of the Navy.* Mr. Partridge's statement that Roger Casement was a homosexual is not true. As Casement's intimate friend and associate for the last 12 years of his life I had opportunity to an ample and unusual degree of forming an opinion, and I know it is not true. It had never been suggested or even thought of until Casement went to Germany in the middle of the war, and then the whole machine of war propaganda turned on a campaign of world-wide vilification which fortunately has few parallels.

Mr. Partridge says "Indecent extracts from Casement's private diary were circulated . . . ." It was not Casement's diary. It was the diary of one of the worst of the scoundrels whose villainies in the Putumayo Casement exposed. Casement had got possession of it in the course of the investigation, and it formed part of the damning evidence which he supplied to the Foreign Office, along with his Report on the Putumayo atrocities. Casement talked about this diary to me, and to at least two other friends while he was engaged in writing his Report.

When the need came to discredit and vilify Casement the Putumayo papers, for which he had been given a knighthood, were ransacked for material which could be used to discredit him. Selected extracts from this diary, which was too shockingly indecent to be allowed to appear in the published Report, were photographed, and copies were given the widest possible circulation, not only in England, but throughout the world, with high-ranking officials like Admiral Hall assuring everybody that these were extracts from Casement's own diary. War propaganda knows no decencies, no limits and no restraints.

As official spokesman for the Admiralty, Admiral Hall circulated the discreditable stuff, but that was not the reason why he was not employed after the war. Officials of the Foreign Office, the embassies abroad with their propagandists and press agents, the War Office, and the Home Office, all handed out the official line, and many of them were subsequently given titles or decorations for their services in the war. The Attorney-General in person, while conducting the prosecution at Casement's trial for high treason, had the photographs ready in his pocket, and when the Court adjourned he was running about the corridors thrusting them into the unwilling hands of people attending the trial. That did not stop his career. He became Lord Chancellor of England, and Earl of Birkenhead.

I recognise, of course, that Ralph Partridge knew nothing of this unsavoury story and has merely accepted the view that is commonly held. But that view is a lie, the lie we will never be able to overtake.

The official story of the war propagandists was examined, analysed and torn to ribbons in a brilliant book, *The Forged Casement Diaries,* by Dr. William J. Maloney, published in Dublin in 1936. People in Ireland know the facts, but it is not possible now to undo the wrong that was done throughout the world to Casement's memory. So the character of one of the noblest figures of our time has been irretrievably smirched by the patriots who stick at nothing.

Roundstone, Connemara. BULMER HOBSON

THE RING AND THE BOOK

SIR,—The learned librarian of King's in his illuminating article "The Ring and the Book" in your issue of November 5 refers to documentary evidence showing the existence of a "ring" operated by English booksellers in Paris in 1824 and at the Strawberry Hill sale of 1842. Your readers will be interested in a contemporary description of such a "ring" and its workings to be found in *The Crypt,* an antiquarian and literary periodical published fortnightly in 1827 and 1828. (I quote from an article in *Desiderata* of July 2, 1948.)

When a catalogue of a distant book sale finds its way to a few lucky ones in the Metropolis, a deep silence is maintained and a cautious movement made to the field of battle; where such of the brotherhood as meet immediately confer together and purchase out of a common fund, without bidding against one another. When a valuable book is brought forward, they toss up their heads, cry "rubbish," declare all the *plates* to be *wanting,* or enquire for the *other volume* (which does not appear because none is deficient) and then offer *"one shilling just for the waste paper."* When a cumbrous and worthless work comes on, they whisper, loudly enough, of its great rarity and value, that gentlemen present may exhaust their finances on the trash and leave only the gold for themselves. They take every opportunity of *running up* a stranger in his biddings. If they see him bent on the purchase, they carry him far beyond the value of the lot; and if, by mistake, they get it knocked down to themselves, each of them bears witness that the auctioneer is in error, and the latter may congratulate himself should he escape a volley of raillery and abuse besides.

When the sale is concluded the *trade* adjourns to their inn and have a *knock out,* or *private sale,* among themselves, when the goods are again disposed of, to one another, and the profits or losses of this second auction divided in equal proportions.

Cambridge. LEON ROTH

RED DANUBE

SIR,—Mr. Edgar Young admits that the Rumanian workers were and are Social Democrats; before the war, he says, "the Communist leaders were killed, imprisoned or in exile." In fact, Marcel Pauker (Ana Pauker's late husband), Boris Stefanov and other Rumanian Communist leaders "were killed" in Moscow. Then Foris, former general secretary of the Communist Party, was "killed" by his own comrades in 1944 in the very prison where the Fascists kept him; Patrascanu and Kofler, both former secretaries of the Communist Party, were officially "killed" in April, 1954.

In effect, Mr. Young endorses Norman MacKenzie's report on living standards and individual freedom in Rumania; he also confirms what Mr. MacKenzie said about Soviet-Rumanian relations. "It is probably true," he writes, "that reparations apart, 'the Soviet Union has taken a substantial part of Rumanian production, especially of oil' but this is no less true in relation to Bulgaria." The "payment for the plant, etc., including some raw materials" supplied by Russia must be pretty high to have resulted in a "lag between industrial expansion and living standards," as Mr. Young states. The explanation "why that lag has been (and is) so much greater

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in Rumania than in Bulgaria" he gives is ridiculous. The fact that Rumania already had a "fairly advanced though quite inadequate . . . industrial development" while Bulgaria had not should have worked in favour of Rumania. But the truth is that Rumania has been and is more exploited than Bulgaria.

(1) The Red Army entered Rumania as an enemy and behaved as such. The transfer of Rumanian goods and dismantled industrial plant took place on a gigantic scale in the first three weeks.

(2) Occupation costs and reparations have added another considerable burden far greater than any Bulgaria had to bear.

(3) While there were only four "joint stock companies" in Bulgaria and five in Hungary, there were sixteen *Sovroms* (Soviet-Rumanian companies) controlling the metallurgical, coal, oil, oil machinery, shipbuilding, tractor, chemical, building, gas and timber industries as well as Rumania's banking, river and sea transport and civil aviation. It is noteworthy that the Russian contributions to the formation of the *Sovroms* consisted of plundered Rumanian property; many of the German assets were simply stolen by the Nazis from Rumanian Jews, the Allies and even from ordinary Rumanians, while the Russians "donated" Rumanian machinery dismantled and carried off by the Red Army in 1944, and confiscated money. Though two of the sixteen companies were dissolved at an early stage (cinema and insurance) and Russia "sold back" to Rumania her shares in twelve other *Sovroms* last year, oil and uranium (two of the main assets of the Rumanian economy) are still in Soviet hands. The "exploitation" carried out through the *Sovroms* will continue for many years to come, for the Rumanians are very far indeed from having paid for the Soviet shares in these companies.

If Mr. Slater wished to see regions under martial law he should have gone to the area of the uranium mines, and not to the big cities and tourist centres. He would have learned that not even Rumanian troops are entrusted with the enforcement of these measures in these regions. However, even in the coal-mines of the Jiu Valley—where Mr. MacKenzie went—something similar happened in September. According to reliable information, the miners had so beaten up the "shock workers" and all responsible for the recent rise in "norms" that the intervention of the army and other exceptional measures were necessary.

DANIEL NORMAN

HILAIRE BELLOC

SIR,—May I be allowed to suggest that the truth about Hilaire Belloc may be found half-way between John Raymond's "eulogy" (as your October 29 correspondent, Mr. S. Barron, calls it) and the latter's rather vehement denunciation?

Undoubtedly Belloc had exceedingly strong beliefs and prejudices. The same can be said of many writers: Gibbon, Milton, Carlyle, Ruskin and numberless others. There is a very amusing sentence in one of Macaulay's Essays, alluding to the historian Lingard as "that able but partial writer." The fact is we expect strong views in able writers. We should allow for them, not denounce them.

About twenty-five years ago I myself reacted quite as strongly as now does your correspondent against Belloc's excited polemics, and even published a small book against them; so I have no brief for him. But later thought has modified my then view.

It seems to me that Belloc did a great deal of good in counteracting the glib and complacent "Whig" historiography of the Macaulay school. That Belloc was no merely "credulous Catholic" can be seen in, for example, his book, *How the Reformation Happened*, wherein he said (p. 218): "The official organisation of the Catholic Church had been thrown suddenly into disarray. . . . It was morally very weak. There had been gross and universal corruption. . . . And the Papacy, which controlled all, was in the worst case of all."

I do not think he "hated the Jews." He did "hate" what he thought was their harmful interferences in various national affairs. Nor did he want "the poor" to have "their noses biting the dirt." (Belloc was by no means wealthy himself!) What he did in his book *The Servile State* was to warn against tendencies to enslave the workers under a soulless bureaucracy.

Belloc had many faults as a writer. He tended to frequent exaggeration. He did great good, however, because many of the errors he opposed did require strong methods to expose them. It may be added that he himself thought that his best work was not his controversies, but his poetry.

99 Grosvenor Avenue, N.5. J. W. POYNTER

PROBLEM CHILDREN

SIR,—It is many years since I specialised in problem children, but quite often I am asked to take difficult or delinquent girls and boys from eight upwards. I explain that at 72 I have no wish to deal with problem children, and then comes the disturbing letter imploring me to tell parents where they can send them. They all seem to be scared of juvenile courts and Approved Schools and Borstals. I can understand their fears, for it would appear that institutions differ greatly in method: some have stern discipline with fear while others tend toward the humanitarianism of the Little Commonwealth.

What answer can I give to anxious parents? I know the fine work done by Lyward, O. L. Shaw, David Wills, but entry into their schools is difficult. What other schools are there? What can I answer to a harassed parent in, say, Leeds, who seeks a school run on Homer Lane's principle of being on the side of the child? There seems to be no answer. Clinics cannot solve the problem because the child attends for treatment only. Schools could help if they were run by men like A. A. Bloom, of St. George's in the East, who died the other day, a great loss to education. I am told that his reign in Stepney reduced considerably the number of children from his school who were brought before juvenile courts. But there are very few Blooms about. Is there no alternative to the new glasshouse reformatory hate method? Hate and punishment never cured anyone. Has anyone an answer?

A. S. NEILL

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THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS

MANY years ago I was put through an examination in Christian Evidences; ever since then I have thought the Christian Churches mistaken in harnessing their faith to historical suppositions. No historical statement is safe from research. If the scientists demonstrate, as some think possible, that virgin birth may occasionally take place by a natural process and without the intervention of a Holy Ghost, the theory of the uniqueness of Christ will be weakened. Any study of comparative religion reveals that many creeds include beliefs in miraculous events similar to those surrounding the birth, death and life of Jesus; if faith depends on the authenticity of these stories, the obedient student must hold that in other cases they are examples of human credulity, but factually true when recorded in the Bible. A similar strain upon common sense may always be created by archæologists.

Mr. Edmund Wilson, whose remarkable book on the *Dead Sea Scrolls* is published this week*, notices that scholars, not tied to particular religious communities, believe the scrolls, which were discovered nearly eight years ago, date from the 1st century B.C. and are thus earlier than any existing biblical sources. If so, they throw fresh light on the origins of Christianity and reveal that many of Christ's teachings, sometimes His words, were current fifty years before He was born. Mr. Wilson believes this possibility may explain the much later date assigned to the scrolls by one or two orthodox theologians. I am interested to notice that a new and useful book on *The Bible To-day*, which summarises the history and controversies which surround biblical literature, makes only a brief reference to the scrolls†. Professor Roberts, who deals with them in his chapter on the Old Testament Hebrew texts, writes: "the question of dating the scrolls is still undecided, but *it is becoming increasingly difficult to bring them down later than the end of the 1st century* A.D." (My italics.)

Mr. Edmund Wilson, who ranks as perhaps the foremost living literary critic, has made some study of Hebrew to enable himself to understand the problems presented by the scrolls; he has set himself a detective's task in unravelling all that happened to the scrolls from the day when, in the spring of 1947, they were accidentally discovered in a Dead Sea cave by an Arab boy who combined the tending of goats with a little frontier smuggling. Because Jerusalem was cut in half by civil war, months passed before these large linen manuscripts, sealed in tall clay jars, came into the hands of competent Hebrew scholars. That the world knows about them at all appears to be mainly due to the pertinacity of the Metropolitan Samuel, who is head of the Syrian Jacobite Church. He persisted in the belief that these strange documents, which he could not read, were valuable, and he eventually took one of them to the United States. He is apparently reluctant to return to his native land, where he would be liable to prosecution for illegally exporting an antiquity.

A full search of 267 caves in this most desolate and barren area was at last made by archæologists. Complete manuscripts of Old Testament books, far older than the Septuagint or any of the accepted Hebrew texts, were found, as well as tens of thousands of broken pieces of manuscript which form a vast jigsaw puzzle on which scholars are now at work in the Rockefeller Museum in Old Jerusalem. At the most optimistic, the task of cleaning, separating and piecing together these fragments is expected to take ten years, perhaps very much longer. But there are already new variants of the Book of Isaiah and there are at least four new and highly important apocryphal books, all of them ascribed to the 1st century B.C. One of the most remarkable of these is a commentary of the apocalyptic type which apparently dates from 41 B.C. It contains what appears to be an account of the life and teaching of a Messianic figure whose career and martyrdom are in many respects similar to those of Christ.

Near the caves the ruins of a monastery, to which undoubtedly the library of manuscripts belonged, were also discovered. Abundant material was found to reveal the dates and something of the life of a religious sect who, in all probability, were the Essenes. It seems at least likely that John the Baptist's life in the desert was with the Essenes, and there is some supporting evidence for the persistent tradition that Jesus was himself an Essene. They were a closely disciplined and integrated sect who lived a communal life in the desert and who practised many rites, including, for instance, what appears to be a prototype of the Communion Supper, which we have usually regarded as especially Christian. If Christ was himself an Essene, or if he took up his abode with them as a young man, this would account for our lack of knowledge about the first 30 years of his life. This, of course, is speculative and controversial, but it would seem at least interesting and important enough to engage the attention of scholars. Most of them, however, treat these astonishing additions to their knowledge gingerly, with a reluctant caution that suggests a terror that they may learn something to their disadvantage.

What the scholars will eventually make of this new biblical literature it is far too early to say. The most enterprising of them, Professor Dupont-Sommer, of the Sorbonne, has already embarked on fascinating speculations. "Everything in the Jewish New Covenant," he argues, "heralds and prepares the way for the Christian New Covenant." Mr. Wilson himself makes the optimistic suggestion that the examination of this library may help to lessen the suspicion and hostility between Jews and Christians by revealing to both that Christianity was a gradual evolution from orthodox Judaism. Reviewed in this light, much that is in the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles becomes more readily intelligible. It seems clear that the Essenes took to their monastic and ascetic life as an escape from persecution and built up their doctrine of non-resistance, their condemnation of all bloodshed and their emphasis on the rewards to be won in the next world, as a way of defence against the horrors and temptations of life on earth. Mr. Wilson points out that there is some vacillation about the rewards to be won from the good life, even in the teaching of Christ Himself. Thus, "the poor in spirit" are to be rewarded in heaven, while the meek are to inherit the earth. It is not surprising that Christ's central doctrine of non-resistance to evil was increasingly acceptable in the cruel and helpless period which culminated in the destruction of Jerusalem (and apparently in the simultaneous wiping out of the Essenes) and that after His death, Christianity with its emphasis on heavenly compensation, where the first shall be last and the last shall be first, spread, with its aura of legend, among the slaves and oppressed peoples of the Roman Empire.

To me it seems impossible to read the Gospels with a fresh mind and yet to doubt that Jesus Christ, like the Essenes, was a pacifist and what we should now call a Socialist. His insistence on loving your enemies, returning good for evil, and not laying up treasure on earth are not isolated precepts but the very centre of his life and teaching. Yet this monastic, otherworldly Communism has become the professed religion of western nations whose entire structure is based on faith in force and the making of money. No wonder that there has always been an extraordinary dualism in the history of Christianity. On the one side, it has become a worldly structure designed to maintain ecclesiastical and temporal rule over the poor and humble; on the other, it has been a personal faith held by comparatively few who have found constant inspiration and comfort in Christ's dynamic doctrines that God is spirit, that men are equal and that we should seek the Kingdom of God on earth as it is in heaven. His teaching has always been a guide to those who can live a life of personal religion and an inspiration to those who see that there is no solution to the cruelty, racialism and war which destroy the lives of men except in the doctrine of returning good for evil and the sharing of property. Oddly enough, the man who, in modern times, made the most strenuous intellectual and practical effort to follow the doctrines of Christianity in the modern life, was the Hindu, Gandhi. He proved, as is natural when we consider the origins of Christianity, that Christ provided a clue to the liberation of the oppressed. He did not find in Hinduism or in Christianity the answer to the other half of the problem, how to persuade Pharisees, Sadducees or the rulers of this world to apply the Christian idea to the problem of Government.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

* *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea.* EDMUND WILSON. *W. H. Allen.* 10s. 6d.

† *The Bible To-day.* Considered by Christian Scholars. *Eyre & Spottiswoode, Ltd.* 25s.

Black and White on an Enormous Canvas

Inside Africa. By JOHN GUNTHER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 30*s.*

This book covers the whole of Africa. From Morocco to the Cape; from Kenya to the Gold Coast. Gunther says: "I have tried to give a conspectus of the whole gigantic continent with at least passing reference to every major problem—human, social, religious, racial, economic, political. All that the ordinary reader needs to know about Africa will, I hope, be found in this book." He has given more than that. This gigantic survey by a trained, impartial observer is the most comprehensive, thoughtful, fair-minded study of Africa and its problems that has appeared in print. And its appearance could not have been more timely.

The highest tribute that can be paid this book is to say that one hesitates to quote from it: you feel chary about lifting slices of Gunther's incisive opinions from their text for fear you will misrepresent what he had to say "on the other side," a phrase frequently found in these analyses. Its greatest value in the way Gunther *arrives* at his conclusions: the amazing amount of material that he lays on the table to support them. And this material, this knowledge of course, remains in the possession of the reader. He is not anti-colonial; he says colonialism "did a great deal of good" but "it is dying" and "Sensible Europeans know that the price of peaceable European survival on the continent is reform." His main theme is that "Africa is like an exploding mass of yeast," erupting with awakenings—and that those awakenings cannot be stopped by force. He says that Africa is the greatest prize in the Cold War—almost perfectly defenceless—"And if we don't help it to develop, somebody else will." After a year's study on the troubled continent, he says:

> Taken all in all, British rule is the best. If I were an African I would rather live in a British territory than any other. The British do not give as much economic opportunity in some realms as the Belgians and perhaps not as much political and racial equality as the French in Black Africa, but the average African in British territory has more copious access to the two things Africans need most—education and justice. No doubt the British make blunders on occasion. But Great Britain is the only colonial power that has as its official policy the systematic training of Africans for self-government.

There is not a line of rancour in this highly civilised book. Though, where it seems necessary, Gunther can be sufficiently frank. It was feared, because of statements attributed to him while he was still in Africa, that he might take the semblance for the substance of the recently formed (October, 1953) Federation in Central Africa because of his personal admiration for Sir Godfrey Huggins—"as interesting as any personality we met in Africa"—but no personal liking for Huggins (now Lord Malvern), and also no pronounced hope for eventual White and Black "partnership" in this "newest political entity in the world," prevent Gunther from reporting that—

> In some respects segregation is more pronounced in the Rhodesias than anywhere else in Africa, even Kenya and the Union. There are, no doubt, honest English people who have a sentimental attachment to Rhodesia, and for that matter honest Rhodesians who have no basis of comparison with other countries and who are blind to what is happening under their noses, ignorant of the fact that racial discriminations in Rhodesia are among the most barbarous, shameful, and disgusting in the world.

"In Lusaka when we were there Africans were not allowed *in* [Gunther's italics] most European shops, but had to use hatchways. They stood in line out in the dust and rain . . ." Etc., etc. And of the muscular Sir Roy Welensky, Gunther is refreshing.

Welensky has small love for the Africans, and has been in the past a vigorous supporter of the colour bar. But, as a leading member of the new Federal party, he is pledged to partnership and co-operation with the African community. Federation is supposed to create in the long run a multi-racial state, and therefore he cannot officially take a white supremacy position any longer. But he certainly stands for "partnership" on what seem to be ambiguous terms, and he is probably still a believer in strict social segregation. I asked him (before Federation) why he favoured the scheme so strongly. Answer: "Colonial rule is finished. We have to hold on somehow, or we will lose everything the way we lost India."

Gunther still has his passion for pungent facts. We learn that the Bakutu tribe in the Belgian Congo make love sideways, that elephants do it in water (which may be news to the elephants), that hippo sweat is red, Arab boys urinate sitting down, St. Augustine was a Berber; and that if you wish to telephone Lagos from Cape Town, you have to route the call through London: evidence of the almost total absence of communication between some parts of Africa.

Gunther's study of the Nile and "the great world of the Sudan"—their ageless, inseparably intertwined problems—is masterful. "This is the loneliest, the most self-sufficient, and the most powerful river in the world." And for three thousand miles, from Kosti 198 miles south of Khartoum, there is not one bridge across it till you get to the great new Owen Falls dam in Uganda. About the proposed Asswan dam—which the Russians are trying to persuade Cairo to let them build—Gunther says that the potentialities of irrigation from proper damming of the Nile are really a *world* problem. Here, as if anticipating Moscow's recent and successful attempt to enter Egypt and the Arab world, Gunther has pointed out the danger of the West not moving quickly to help Africa develop its own potentialities. "If we don't, someone else will . . ."

His study of Egypt and the Sudan is particularly apposite, especially in view of the civil war that has now broken out between the Moslem north of the Sudan and its pagan south. Gunther's admiration of the old British Sudan Political Service is eulogistic: this elite body of administrators, only 140 British, was "the steel brace that held the Sudan together and made it function as a state." Yet his *New Yorker*-type profiles of present-day Sudanese personages are sympathetic and in no way underestimate either their capacities or the immense problems they face.

This fairness of the trained professional observer is nowhere more present, and valuable, than in Gunther's reports on Nigeria and the Gold Coast. "Nigeria," he says, "is, in some respects, the most exciting country I have ever been in in my life." It is the biggest British colony in the world, has a population of about 31,500,000 (some 10 million of whom are Moslems), and covers an area larger than any European country except Russia. It is "extravagantly colossal and turbulent" and "its politics are incandescent." Out of the total population there are only 11,750 Europeans. "This is *Black* Africa and make no mistake about it." He gives a vivid picture of Dr. Kwame Nkrumah in action on the Gold Coast, the first black Prime Minister in British Africa. Obviously Gunther believes that the black man has the capacity of, one day, being able to govern himself. But—

> Some danger exists that, if nationalism succeeds too soon, the new governments may be exploited by corrupt *African* charlatans, underseasoned intellectuals, and illiterate politicians on the make. Beyond doubt Africa *does* need further tutelage. The nationalist inflammation should not blind Africans to their immense debt to colonialism as well as their formidable lack of experience. But European tutelage, European experthood and enterprise and know-how, will not be accepted except on the basis of trust and should promise the African more opportunity, better race relations, and fair economic rewards.

Africa has brought more out of John Gunther than he has ever put in any other book.

NEGLEY FARSON

Planty Pall

Lord Crewe : the Likeness of a Liberal. By JAMES POPE-HENNESSY. *Constable.* 21*s.*

"The statesman of whom I was thinking," wrote Trollope of the hero of *The Prime Minister*,

> . . . was one who did not fall out of the ranks, even though his skin would not become hard. He should have rank and intellect and parliamentary habits, by which to bind him to the service of his country. . . But he should be scrupulous, and being scrupulous, weak. . . .
>
> I think that Plantagenet Palliser, Duke of Omnium, is a perfect gentleman. If he be not, then I am unable to describe a gentleman.

The passage might well stand for Mr. Pope-Hennessy's portrait of Lord Crewe, the Edwardian Planty Pall of Mr. Asquith's government. A good classic, an enthusiast for the turf, a countryman, a bibliophile and a distinguished gourmet, at a first glance his character bears a marked resemblance to that of his father-in-law, Lord Rosebery. He was among the last of that long line of British political Gentlemen whose long-drawn-out match with the Players (Lloyd George, F. E. Smith, Carson, Bonar Law) ended so bitterly with the "outing" of Asquith. In 1916 Lloyd George and all he brought in his train were undoubtedly a necessary evil if the war was ever to be won. Haig's chateau and Asquith's bridge-table at Sutton Courtenay were a sanguinary and slothful combination. Yet Asquith's 1908 government was the finest peacetime Cabinet of the Talents that has ever sat in Downing Street. And with the passing of Asquith and his lieutenants, some virtue—a generous comprehensiveness, a tough but undemagogic radicalism, an un-self-seeking fund of plain good intention—went out of British politics. All the integrity of a Stafford Cripps could not atone for the years of the locust.

Baldly summarised, Crewe's career was a distinguished one: private secretary to Lord Granville at 28, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland at 34, he thereafter served the State as Lord Privy Seal, Secretary for the Colonies, for India, Lord President and Ambassador in Paris. His life, as related by Mr. Pope-Hennessy, falls neatly into picture captions: prep school near Winchester ("Robert is quite a specimen boy"); Harrow ("You are old for your age"); Trinity ("I do not know what your London bills amount to but . . ."); high jinks in the shires ("They did make a row in this generally orderly house . . . ran the lifts up and down, broke the windows, baited old Alastair Murray nearly mad, sugared the top of his bald head and generally raised him finely . . ."); Brooks's, 1882 ("Billy Kensington, our popular Whip, rushed into the room crying 'They have murdered Freddy Cavendish!'"); the first bride ("Just like a little Sir Joshua"); 1914 ("We all feel as though we were living in a novel by Wells"); 1915 ("The heavy toll goes, taking so many, as it seems, who have enough to make life delightful, and a brilliant future never to be realised"). Like his father, Monckton Milnes, Crewe was a poet. In his youth he seems to have written charming *vers de société* in the Praed or Locker-Lampson manner. In 1915 he wrote the well-known verses *A Harrow Grave in Flanders*—one of those middle-aged elegiac laments that, in spite of their triteness, still move us so poignantly because they witness to a tragedy embedded and even yet unfolding malignly in our history.

> His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn:—
> School triumphs, earned apace in work and play;
> Friendships at will; then love's delightful dawn
> And mellowing day. . .

Mr. Pope-Hennessy has a quiet cool eye for the niceties of social history. He is good on the contrasts between Edwardian and Georgian Court life and his account of the arrangements for the 1911 Durbar provides the liveliest passages in his book. The problems involved in the Sovereign's visit to India were legion. Should there, or should there not, be an elephant proces-

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sion? If not, should the King and Queen enter Delhi on a single howdah? Should the King crown himself, Napoleon-fashion—or would such a ceremonial offend Moslems and Hindus? And which crown should be used? Should an Indian crown be specially made? Ought the Princes to be asked to contribute jewels and should the diadem afterwards be broken up? Must the suite include Lord Kitchener—or would Lord Roberts be easier to handle? And what on earth could be done with the Queen during the Nepal shoot? As on greater occasions, Crewe brought his usual patient wisdom to bear on these matters. Like his Tory opposite number, Lord Esher, he was a courtier-politician, one who realised that the monarchy, like other pieces of the constitution, required humouring.

There is an effect of lop-sidedness in the construction of this book. The earlier chapters have a warmth and an amplitude which is lacking in the latter half; one has the feeling that Mr. Pope-Hennessy meditated a much longer work and then for some reason decided to bring his memoir to a quick conclusion. His account of Crewe's political life is necessarily sketchy and readers must turn to Mr. Robert Blake's recent biography of Bonar Law to learn of the vital (though largely unwitting) part Crewe played in the passing-over of Curzon for the Premiership in 1923. From the moment he hastened to sell his father's large pornographic library on inheriting the estate, Crewe became a "specimen boy" and it is apparently with this aspect in mind that Mr. Pope-Hennessy has dealt with him. He has written the most egregiously well-bred book that I have ever read. Not a sentence, not an adjective, not an opinion, is out of place. It is an extraordinary manner, seemingly modelled on Sir Harold Nicolson's. Mr. Pope-Hennessy can imitate the urbane husk of Sir Harold's writing but he is unable to achieve the kernel—the feline wit, the sharp anecdotal observation, the erudite and courteous cat's pawing that marks our cagiest and most absorbing stylist. In this memoir Mr. Pope-Hennessy, like some elegant rider in the *Galoppatoio* appears to be showing his paces—the credentials of his discretion—before embarking on his biography of Queen Mary.

JOHN RAYMOND

The Rage of Caliban

Against the Law. By PETER WILDEBLOOD. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 16*s.*

Thirty years ago they used to call prison "the living grave of crime." When the Webbs and G.B.S. wrote their *English Prisons Under Local Government*, they could justly say that prison was "a silent world, shrouded, so far as the public is concerned, in almost complete darkness." Today Sir Lionel Fox, chairman of the Prison Commission, can as justly claim in his book, *The English Prison and Borstal Systems* that the prisons are open to inspection by anyone with a responsible interest in penal matters—hundreds of voluntary workers, prison visitors, social science and other students (these often sleep and work in the prisons), press and radio men and film companies. Prison Governors are required to receive and accommodate all these new watchdogs; and they do. It is a great change. It has produced a wealth of solemn books and theses, bright articles and broadcasts, documentary films, television scripts. And how much do we know now?

It takes a writer of Mr. Wildeblood's quality, it takes a prisoner of his sensitive perceptence, to show us how little we know. I suppose one test of a civilisation is the kind of persons it subjects to this contrived and hapless misery; and if they are to include a leavening of cultivated people on the grounds that they are pacifists, cranks, debtors or homosexuals there will, at intervals, emerge poignantly written accounts which, for the ordinary reader at least, transcend all the solemn theses of the trained investigators. There are occasions when it becomes more than a moral duty to speak one's mind, said the author of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*—it becomes a pleasure. We can almost hold it to be the duty of writers like Mr. Wildeblood to speak their minds about prison; and in doing it with a restrained ferocity that holds our absorbed attention, he has written the noblest, and wittiest, and most appalling prison book of them all.

"I am a homosexual," he declares simply, and he explains what (in his case) the word means; knowing also—or believing he knows—what the admission will mean to his career:

> It is easy for me to make that admission now, because much of my private life has already been made public by the newspapers. I am in the rare, and perhaps privileged, position of having nothing left to hide. My only concern is that some good may come at last out of so much evil, and with that end in view I shall set down what happened to me as faithfully and fairly as I can. I do not pity myself and I do not ask for pity. If there is bitterness in this book, I hope it will be the bitterness of medicine, not of poison.

He begins his story with an account of his childhood that I should like to put into the hands of every parent and teacher, not only in this country but in every country that punishes his kind. He goes quickly through his adolescence, his war, and the brilliant journalistic career that brought him to the *Daily Mail* as diplomatic correspondent; and so to his arrest, trial, and imprisonment.

A very small group of people will know whether his account of the arrest is true. It includes half a dozen police officers. The effortless flow of his writing could easily dull the realisation that each step in the story is reported with what many readers are likely to accept as a painstaking regard for accuracy. The following colloquy, accordingly, is one of uncomfortable importance. One of the police officers who had loudly awakened him in his flat at eight in the morning said that they were "going to search the house":

> He did not, however, produce a warrant. I tried to remember—were the police allowed to search a house without a warrant? My numb and frozen mind refused to give me an answer.
>
> "I must get in touch with my solicitor," I said.
>
> "That can wait. We've got plenty of time."

And he invites you to consider not merely the position of the suspect under this new revelation of English law but also the value of a "conspiracy" charge in respect of what co-defendants may say to the police in each other's absence:

> "Look here, don't you think you would feel better if you made a clean breast of it?"
>
> "I think I ought to see my solicitor first."
>
> "Well, it's up to you to decide, not him."

And a few minutes later:

> "What is going to happen to me?"
>
> "Well, I make it a rule never to make promises: but as you haven't been in trouble before I should think you'd probably get bound over. The best thing is for you to make a statement. You just clear yourself—don't bother too much about the others."

At the trial Mr. Justice Ormerod, having heard the police dismiss all this as lies, decided nevertheless that the long statement written by Mr. Wildeblood in response to it might have been made in consequence of a promise of favour and was therefore inadmissible.

The account of the trial, naturally enough, is subjective and episodic, but it gives the highlights of what must have been an agonising eight days for most of the people involved. The author can be forgiven, perhaps, for seeing the hand of oppression in every detail of court procedure and expediency. For example, he and his co-defendants, wanting to get women on to the jury (and in this their instinct was sound), found that every juror summoned for service that day was a man. This was almost certainly no accident, but the reason for it was not that an all-male jury would be tougher; it was merely that the officials at most Assize Courts still think of women as carefully insulated cooks.

The Judge, unlike so many others, did not say that the convicted men would receive in prison "the medical treatment that your condition is said to demand." Eighteen months, he said. And Mr. Wildeblood reports two interviews with prison psychiatrists, the first of which (on pages 101-2) is hereby commended to the Prison Commissioners for the horrifying possibility that it may be true, while the second (page 143) amounted to an assurance that there might have been a chance of "curing" him if only he hadn't come to prison at all. While he was in prison he read smuggled Press cuttings about his trial. They included a comment of Mr. Hannen Swaffer's, unnoticed by "This England," that all homosexuals should be treated by psychopaths.

The pictures of prison life are unforgettable, their quality made memorable by this man's unaffected avoidance of self-pity. "I have believed all my life," he thought on the way to prison, handcuffed with others in a motor coach, "that every experience, no matter how disagreeable, can be made to enrich and illuminate." Clearly the belief is unshaken. This book is its deliberate, synoptical, and altruistic testament.

C. H. ROLPH

Structure and Ornament

The Shield of Achilles. By W. H. AUDEN. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Auden remains, of course, the most considerable Anglo-American poet of his generation. Nobody else of around the same age—except in his narrower but perhaps sometimes deeper mode, Mr. Empson—rivals him in speculative agility or technical adroitness. Nobody at all rivals him in fertility of invention. And yet, I suppose, over the past ten years or so few of us have been quite happy about the way his poetry has been going. Two aspects of his recent work have worried most critics. One of these is a growing lack of personal immediacy; the other is an over-piling of verbal ornament. That lack of immediacy, for instance, is very noticeable in the first seven poems in this new book, the set called "Bucolics." These are like the notes of a very intelligent lecturer on human ecology done into verse. Thus, when we turn to the poem on islands, we do not get a vivid image like Mr. Pound's

> Tawn foreshores
> Washed in the cobalt of oblivions.

We get, instead, reflections on penal colonies and dying Pacific races:

> Once, where detected worldlings now
> Do penitential jobs,
> Exterminated species played
> Who had not read their Hobbes.

Nothing could be neater but (as in the fine *Ode to Gaea* in another section) it is our world as seen from an aeroplane. The poet, on the whole, brackets his life off from his poetry. We find ourselves longing for some concentration of direct experience, out of which the generalisations could grow.

Yet Mr. Auden has always been a generaliser. The worry about his new attitude to language, his painstaking frivolity, his preoccupation with ornament, is a more serious one. He manfully, of course, defends his new baroque mode:

> Be subtle, various, ornamental, clever,
> And do not listen to those critics ever
> Whose crude provincial gullets crave in books
> Plain cooking made still plainer by plain cooks...

Bagehot was one of "those critics" and I agree with Bagehot that the way to make a basket of fish poetical is *not* by calling it "Enoch's ocean-spoil/ In ocean-smelling osier." Consider such a passage from Mr. Auden's new book as this (an account of what happens to the mind when we wake up in the morning):

> The horn gate and the ivory gate
> Swing to, swing shut, instantaneously
> Quell the nocturnal rummage
> Of its rebellious fronde, ill-favoured,
> Ill-natured and second rate,
> Disenfranchised, widowed and orphaned
> By an historical mistake...

But for the Fall, the meaning is, our dreams would not be Freudian dreams—would not be so

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shabby, guilty, and incoherent as they are. The rhetoric is one of expansion; the plain, underlying prose sense is "like gold to ayery thinness beat"; the lines *look* as if they were making a much more portentous and complex statement than they are. Thinking and saying have, for Mr. Auden in much of his recent poetry, ceased to be a fused activity. The prose "sense" separates off far too easily from the poetic "surface." What one gets less and less often now is the phrase in which, in a vivid image of Mr. D. J. Enright's, the words *act* the concept—the phrase like "gradual ruin spreading like a stain."

Thus, on the whole, it is in the least ambitious, most conversational poems in this book that I find most of the old magic: as in this casual bull's-eye from a *Nocturne*:

> My neighbour's face, a face as such,
> Neither a status nor a sex,
> Constant for me no matter what
> The value I assign to X;
>
> That gushing lady, possibly,
> Who brought some verses of her own,
> That hang-dog who keeps coming back
> Just for a temporary loan;
>
> A counter-image, anyway,
> To balance with its lack of weight
> My world, the private motor-car
> And all the engines of the State.

Supple, various, clever, and all that, this book is. I wish it were not *so* ornamental. I am glad that, like all Mr. Auden's volumes, it is at its best so sadly wise and so humorously benign.

G. S. FRASER

Man Within a Frame

Icon and Idea. By HERBERT READ. *Faber.* 42*s.*

> Oh, turn your milk-dim eyes
> To outer things! See where a haze
> Trembles against the hard horizon,
> Quivering in a rhythm that calls to mind
> The ultimate harmony of the world!

We should remember that behind the involved, complex, highly theoretical and sometimes dry manner of Herbert Read, educationalist, President of the I.C.A. and proud apologist for everything that he thinks to be *avant-garde*, there is the sensibility of a most delicate, often moving poet. Not that all his activities, apart from his poetry, should be dismissed or merely tolerated. The energy and constancy that lie behind them reveal another aspect of his character: a surprising determination and courage in the outward practical affairs of the world such as one might not expect to find in a largely nostalgic inward-looking poet.

In the past I have disagreed violently with Herbert Read and I am now no nearer to accepting many of his values and principles. But I made one important mistake which I suspect many make: I mistook his modest hesitant sensitivity for hedging and woolly incoherence. Many painters, for instance, consider Herbert Read a useless pie-in-the-sky theoretician. And it is certainly true that, despite his essentially *poetic* visual awareness, he has little interest in or understanding of the studio defeats and victories which make up a large part of the painter's life; but he has a vision of the role of art in history and a passionate and yet disinterested respect for the creative imagination which are rare today. If he uses nebulous words, it is because he believes that more positive ones would violate by over-simplification the miraculous creative process that he tries to describe. If he is over-tolerant towards nonsense, it is because he credits everyone with his own sincerity. If he words his bitter attacks on the nature of our society and culture mildly, it is because he considers he can thus achieve more for the ideals he believes in than by being a Jeremiah. Naive? No, innocent; despite the scholarly quotations, the aloofness of manner, the public honours, he has preserved his belief in his duty, if not all his faith in the success, of working for "the ultimate harmony of the world."

We should value Herbert Read because he asks questions which most of us in our narrowness or complacency wrongly consider answered. What is the aim of education? How can we prevent material comfort destroying the austerity of spirit necessary for happiness? Has art any purpose beyond that of giving pleasure? In a world where millions are still condemned to illiteracy and sour poverty, and art must be that which can give them hope and determination, such questions may seem remotely academic. But they are not; they are prophetic, and, so long as the prophet does not use his prophesies as an excuse for contracting out of the present, he can be justified.

In this book Read asks the last question: its sub-title is *The Function of Art in the Development of Human Consciousness*. If one apprehends nothing but generalisations, it is worth remembering that Read can also write satirically.

> With calliper and compass
> and a straight divided rule
> The Arab made the rose a rosette
> to prove himself a fool.

He argues that art—and particularly the visual arts—are nothing short of the *original* means by which men extend their consciousness: that concepts follow images; that the icon precedes the idea. The artist brings back images from intuitive, imaginative travels; the thinker or philosopher peering *through* these images then forms concepts to explain the new attitude to reality which they suggest; finally, when these new concepts have been turned into facts by action, man can be said to have occupied a new area of consciousness. In his own words, "Any extension of awareness of reality, and groping beyond the threshold of present knowledge, must first establish its sensuous imagery."

To prove his point Read begins with paleolithic cave painting and suggests that the transition from this to geometric, consciously composed neolithic art, the symmetry of which derived from crafts such as basket-making, constituted the means by which man became aware of beauty, *i.e.*, unity. "Not only had the wild animals been tamed (literally in life, and in art by being organised into a pattern) but the wild imagination of man himself had been tamed." He then goes on to show that the artist's discovery of space made possible the medieval concept of the numinous—the dome as the vault of heaven; that the early Greek sculptors' attempt to combine vitality (which was the quality of paleolithic art) with beauty of proportion (the quality of neolithic art) made possible the concept of humanism—man as both animal and god; that Renaissance artists such as Masaccio, with their use of scientific perspective, prepared the way for materialism; that modern artists like Klee have opened up the road to the "reality" of subjectivity, and that others like Mondrian and Gabo have given concrete form to a new awareness which will follow the modern discoveries of physics.

For myself I have three main comments on this argument. First, although Read admits the primacy of economic facts, I don't think he takes them into account sufficiently. The ordered stylisation of neolithic art, for instance, was surely a direct result of nomadic tribes becoming comparatively stabilised agricultural communities. Art is not man's *original* means of pure discovery, but it is one of the swiftest channels along which facts from a social source run into the sea of abstract values and ideas: a sea which can affect the land and indirectly even the source itself. Secondly, I think he underestimates the impetus of the will to communicate. Any image is the result of the shortcomings of direct language. And, thirdly, I find his arguments become less and less convincing the nearer he applies them to the present.

These comments, however, are incidental. The great value of this book is that it demands comments; demands answers. It illuminates our dilemmas because it shows the high hopes of a poet struggling to make sense, to make a future out of the questions of a searching mind.

> On the last page a colophon
> Would conclude the liberal plan
> Showing Man within a frame
> Of trophies stolen from a dream.

JOHN BERGER

Science Fiction

The Chrysalids. By JOHN WYNDHAM. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Wild Talent. By WILSON TUCKER. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A World of Difference. By ROBERT CONQUEST. *Ward Lock.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Space Merchants. By FREDERIK POHL and C. M. KORNBLUTH. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Untouched by Human Hands. By ROBERT SHECKLEY. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Angels and Spaceships. By FREDRIC BROWN. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A.D. 2500: The *Observer* Prize Stories. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Commercialisation has now set in with a vengeance. Slickness is at a premium, inventiveness alarmingly at a discount. John Wyndham's Chrysalids, for instance, are not, I'm sorry to have to say, blood-brothers to the Kraken and the Triffids, menacing the future of the world. On the contrary, they're that old telepathy thing all over again, all about its being the next rung up the ladder of evolution and so on, and this telepathy is a mutation caused, I need hardly tell you, by nuclear rays (my, my, what will they think of next?).

All the same, if this hoary saga really *has* to be rehashed, I'd rather it were John Wyndham who did the rehashing than anyone else. For Wyndham really does write in the way in which Somerset Maugham imagines *he* writes—with a sort of hyaline simplicity, perfect timing, miraculous avoidance of cliché, and a gentle, sophisticated, slightly astringent humour; none of that nasty glossy-professional aftertaste, either. He is one of the few authors whose compulsive readability is a compliment to the intelligence rather than a masked affront. Moreover, he has succeeded in including one genuine novelty—telepaths who are not, for once, wily or pompous or arrogant, or all three at the same time. Chiefly this is due to Petra, a delightful child whose power of mental projection is so great that in moments of unguarded excitement she is apt to blind, deafen and immobilise every fellow-telepath within hundreds of miles. At the end of the book a tedious woman—about whom the author himself seems to have some misgivings—turns up from New Zealand, and a sequel begins to look likely, with just enough clues to suggest that if it does come, it may conceivably take a less eupeptic view of telepathy than the one we've become accustomed to. If so, fine. Meanwhile, *The Chrysalids* can be pretty strongly recommended regardless of its jaded theme.

Mr. Wyndham's telepaths are atom-children, Mr. Tucker's just happen. Like Wyndham's, they are harried by the non-telepaths but get away in the end; and they too belong to the next-rung-up category. Wiliness, pompousness and arrogance begin to obtrude in the latter stages. For the rest, all that needs to be said of *Wild Talent* is that it's what they call a rattling good yarn (it really is, I mean) with a contemporary American setting and some sinister but intelligently understated Communist goings-on in the background. Alpha run-of-the-mill.

In *A World of Difference*, Robert Conquest is sensible enough, and knowledgeable enough about science fiction's basic attractions, not to turn up his nose at gadgetry; and on characterisation he scores heavily. On plot not so heavily, I feel—all that political and revolutionary intrigue doesn't *need* to be in the future—and the book as a whole is perhaps a bit woolly at the edges. None the less it was well worth writing, and we can do with another one at once, please. *The Space Merchants*—a meaningless title, far inferior to the original *Gravy Planet*—takes us back among the established professionals. Messrs. Pohl and Kornbluth have looked at modern advertising, visualised its proliferating horribly as the decades go by—with a resultant mad squandering of all the world's most precious

WINGATE OF THE SUDAN

Ronald Wingate

This is the first biography of one of the outstanding figures of our national history. Throughout the book runs the theme of three great men, Cromer, Kitchener and Wingate, through whom modern Egypt and the modern Sudan took their place as independent countries. *With illustrations.* 21*s. net.*

FORGOTTEN KINGDOM

Peter Goullart

This is not strictly a travel book. It is the rare account of a realised affinity, an idyll whose charm is its realistic gusto. The author, an exiled Russian, went to Yunnan on business but was soon as enamoured of the delicious tempo of the high-spirited inhabitants of the ancient Nakhi kingdom, as he was enchanted by the fantastic mountain scenery. *With illustrations.* 18*s. net.*

'ALICELLA'

A memoir of Alice King Stewart and Ella Christie, 1861–1949.

Averil Stewart

This record of two daughters of a cultured Scottish Victorian family, includes, amongst much else of interest and entertainment, a remarkable account of travel in Central Asia, Tibet, the Far East and Africa undertaken by Ella after the age of forty. The two sisters corresponded with an admirably frank individuality. *With illustrations.* 21*s. net.*

Fiction

HERE I STAY

Cecil Maiden

Steve Sutherland returns to Brittany to photograph and write about the French Chateaux. He makes for the Chateau de Senescol and is mystified by the extraordinary hostility in the neighbourhood at the least mention of the owner and her granddaughter. To solve this mystery he is forced to explore into the bitter history of the German occupation. 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

JOHN MURRAY

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JOHN P. WYNN

A wonderful assortment of 1,000 general knowledge questions for brains of all degrees, with their answers very fully and interestingly given. 8/6 *net.*

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An important early book by the Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, of which the first edition was largely destroyed in the war. 'Clever, stimulating.'—NOEL ANNAN in the *New Statesman.* 8/6 *net.*

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475 recipes for every kind of dish, many of them new. 9/6 *net.*

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ERIC CUDDON

A practical book on the nature of hypnotism and what can be done with its aid. 10/6 *net.*

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G. STÅHLBERG

Studies of the leading great masters from Lasker down to the present younger Russian school. 12/6 *net.*

The Art of Checkmate

G. RENAUD *and* V. KAHN

THE TIMES: 'Fills a long-felt want . . . no one has hitherto demonstrated the various methods of finishing off one's hapless opponent.' 12/6 *net.*

Myth or Legend?

GLYN DANIEL, SIR LEONARD WOOLLEY

and other experts tell what is now known of such subjects as Atlantis, Tristan and Isolt, St. George and the Dragon, etc. *New Statesman:* 'holds much of the same fascination as a superior detective mystery.' 10/6 *net.*

Rome Beyond the Imperial Frontiers

SIR MORTIMER WHEELER ANTIQUARIES' JOURNAL: 'stimulating and intensely readable . . . the publishers are to be congratulated on their acumen in commissioning, the work and in fitting it out so splendidly with illustrations.' 25*s. net.*

The Lampshade Book

M. R. GRIFFITH

Describes and illustrates in detail how to make many kinds of shades, traditional and contemporary, in various materials. *Fully illustrated.* 8/6 *net.*

Ski-ing for Beginners

F. BRODERMAN and R. A. McPARTLIN

DAILY HERALD: 'A fine practical book . . . it really does start from scratch and covers every aspect.' *Fully illustrated.* 10/6 *net.*

Antique Pewter *of the British Isles*

R. F. MICHAELIS

The first comprehensive book on the pewter of the British Isles to be published for 25 years *Profusely illustrated.* 22/6 *net.*

★ *BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS*

The Valley of the Dragon

OLIVE PRICE

A fine adventure story, set among the wonders of the fabulous domain of Kublai Khan at the time of Marco Polo, about a camel boy who rescues one of the Emperor's prized white horses from a bandit chief. *Illustrated.* 10/6 *net.* [AGE 10 UP]

Tales on the North Wind

BENJAMIN THORPE and THOMAS KEIGHTLEY

Old-fashioned fairy tales selected from *Yuletide Stories* and *Fairy Mythology* and retold for modern children. Fairy tales of the best kind with the traditional ingredients in profusion. Here are all kinds of magic, princesses, dragons, witches, glass mountains . . . *Illustrated by* GERTRUDE MITTELMANN. 7/6 *net.* [AGE 8-11]

Socrates: The Man Who Dared to Ask

CORA MASON

YOUNG ELIZABETHAN: 'In this excellent biography . . . Cora Mason paints a brilliant picture of life in Athens in those times.' 9/6 *net.* [AGE 12 UP]

Great Airman

W/CDR. NORMAN MACMILLAN, A.F.C.

Short lives of great airmen from the Wrights to the rocket pilots. *Illustrated.* 12/6 *net.* [AGE 13 UP]

★ *LONDON: G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.*

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Mrs. Craddock

Mr. Maugham's second novel with a startlingly frank new preface. "A strangely exciting experience. For young Mr. Maugham is surprisingly different from the detached commentator we've come to know and admire." JOHN METCALF—*Sunday Times.*
Book Society Recommendation. 15s.

OLIVIA MANNING

The Doves of Venus

"Autumn's most discussed literary event." *Books and Bookmen.* "Engages the reader's attention instantly in an uncanny but wholly delicious manner." *New Statesman.*
Book Society Recommendation. 13s. 6d.

Young Samuel Johnson

JAMES L. CLIFFORD

This scholarly and most entertaining new biography has been highly praised in America by AUDEN, TRILLING, etc. "Displays American scholarship at its finest." RAYMOND MORTIMER—*Sunday Times.*
Book Society Recommendation. 30s.

NOVELS IN DEMAND

John Rowan Wilson

THE PACK

An exceptionally well-written novel of inter-departmental intrigue in a provincial hospital. By the author of *A Bed of Thorns.* 13s. 6d.

J. M. Scott

SEA-WYF AND BISCUIT
2nd large printing. 12s. 6d.

Elleston Trevor

SQUADRON AIRBORNE
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D. H. LAWRENCE

The new biography

by HARRY T. MOORE

The Intelligent Heart

The full story based on much new material and told, for the first time, without partisanship or prejudice. With 80 hitherto unpublished letters, photographs and end-paper maps. 25s.

A.D. 2500

THE OBSERVER prize-winning short stories, introduced by ANGUS WILSON. 15s.

HEINEMANN

natural resources—and settled for a future in which two or three monster advertising agencies rule, to all intents and purposes, the entire impoverished planet. This is the sort of sociological extrapolation (the examination and evaluation of a contemporary trend by means of a *reductio ad absurdum*) which constitutes one of science fiction's chief claims to serious consideration. Here the job is carried out in vivid, slightly crude colours, with a mass of telling detail and a brisk exciting plot (connoisseurs of horror will certainly enjoy that ghastly young sadist Hedy with her needle). So don't let the jacket design put you off, no matter what you may think of the publisher for passing it.

Of the recent short-story volumes, *Untouched by Human Hands*, though sometimes rather brash and reckless, has the great merit of being inventive and enterprising, subscribing to none of the over-familiar stereotypes; while *Angels and Spaceships* offers a splendidly potent and variegated row of cocktails, including one, *Answer*, which is presumably the final statement (as well as one of the best) of science fiction's Frankenstein Complex. On the other hand, *A.D. 2500*, the *Observer* competition stories—oh dear, oh dear. The competitors didn't have enough *space*, of course; and the standard of sophistication, humanism, literacy and general Observerishness is undoubtedly high. But some of the writers seem to have imagined that they could create a new sort of futurity without bothering to describe or explain it at all, others seem to have been persuaded—mistakenly, as it turns out—that Chekhov would serve them as a valuable model, while yet others—unaware, presumably, of various predecessors in the field—are irresistibly reminiscent of those sad eccentrics who keep re-inventing gunpowder and the steam engine. To this disappointing tally there are two or three honourable exceptions—Brian W. Aldiss, for example. But the overall effect, I'm afraid, is leaden.

EDMUND CRISPIN

The Wanton Chase

The Analysis of Beauty. By WILLIAM HOGARTH. Edited by JOSEPH BURKE. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

During the course of an interview recently chronicled in a Sunday newspaper, Robert Graves is reported to have observed that, whereas poets by vocation were seldom accomplished prose-writers, "artists are different. There is scarcely one of them who doesn't seem to have been born a writer of good prose: Blake, Gainsborough, Constable, even poor old Benjamin Haydon. . . ." Strangely enough, he did not mention Hogarth. True, Hogarth's style is often crabbed and awkward; but it is also very often vivid and expressive; and his only published work, *The Analysis of Beauty*, remains the oddest, most original and, in its way, most ambitious book ever published by an English artist, a repository of the artist's own ideas, set forth in his own words, with little help from professional writers and few borrowings from the jargon of contemporary art-critics.

When it appeared, it produced a critical furore. Hogarth in 1753 was exceedingly unpopular with many of his fellow artists, whose pictures he had abused, and whose plans for founding a Royal Academy he had loudly and insistently ridiculed; and, although literary reviewers found much to praise, both the painters and the monstrous regiment of connoisseurs (against whom Hogarth had long been waging a savage one-man campaign) fell eagerly on this presumptuous volume, declaring that the author's well-known conceit had now degenerated into downright madness, and attacking his person and pretensions in a series of ferocious satirical prints. They announced, moreover, that his work was a hotch-potch, composed with the assistance of a cabal of friends. In fact, as Professor Burke has at length shown in his excellent new edition of *The Analysis of Beauty*, Hogarth was the sole author—that is to say, he planned and wrote the book, merely relying on his learned assistants to give the text a superficial revision, which, since he was no bookman and had left school at an early age, his rambling sentences often needed. Professor Burke, by examining the manuscripts, has been able to determine the share that each of his assistants took. They included James Townley, the literary schoolmaster: Benjamin Hoadly, physician and playwright, son of the Erastian bishop: Thomas Morrell, Handel's librettist; and James Ralph, co-editor of the *Champion*, who could not agree with the mettlesome author and presently became discouraged.

They queried and corrected the oddities of Hogarth's style: they seem to have had little or no influence upon his choice of subject-matter. The *Analysis* is, among much else, an exceptionally vivid self-portrait, in which the artist's dominant, aggressive, shrewd and highly individual character looks forth from almost every page. And then, besides reflecting his personality, it is full of illuminating references to his private tastes and interests. We are reminded of his affection for the stage and of his youthful acquaintanceship with boxing-rings and fairgrounds. We learn his views on the architecture of Wren and what he thought of the "good gothic taste" revealed in Windsor Castle and Westminster Abbey. We remark his passion for beauty in movement, whether it be the beauty of a thoroughbred horse or of an exponent of the minuet sweeping across the ball-room floor. Above all else, we note the sharpness of his vision, that "technical memory" (as he called it) which he had cultivated since he had begun to draw, focused now on the shape of a chairman's legs or on a boxer's shoulder-muscles, now on a courtesan's head-dress or on the curling petals of a cyclamen.

As for the underlying thesis—although Hogarth's worship of the serpentine Line of Beauty (inseparable, so he liked to believe, from every form of aesthetic perfection) was carried to somewhat ridiculous lengths, and although he himself, in his own practice, did not always conform to the principles he laid down, the idea throws an interesting light on the development of the painter's genius. "Pursuing [he wrote] is the business of our lives." And elsewhere: "Intricacy in form . . . I shall define to be that peculiarity in the lines, which compose it, that *leads the eye a wanton kind of chace. . . .*" In Hogarth's larger pictures, where every grouping of figures appears to constitute a separate vortex, but the whole crowded assemblage is united in a rhythmic pattern, the beholder's eye is led on just such a wanton chase as the theorist has described above; while his wonderful sketch of the *Shrimp Girl* shows the avidity with which he pursued impressions, and the delicacy and dexterity with which he sometimes pinned them down.

Finally, Hogarth was among the first European art-critics to distinguish between aesthetic and literary or moral values, his book, as Professor Burke points out, being "a novel and original attempt to define beauty in empirical terms." What gave a picture or drawing its excellence was not merely its capacity to arouse "sublime" emotions. He did not assert, as had done his predecessors—for example, Jonathan Richardson—that painting had primarily the same object as poetry or tragedy, or that Nature must be "improved" by any artist who deserved attention. Rather, the harmonies of Nature must be discovered and recombined according to the rule of art. All these, and many other considerations, are discussed by Professor Burke in his lucid and informative preface. His edition, besides the original printed text of the *Analysis*, contains a number of rejected passages, and the rough autobiographical notes that Hogarth jotted down towards the end of his busy career. Altogether it is an admirable pieces of scholarship, illustrated by the two richly detailed plates bound up in the *Analysis* and three of the spiteful but amusing caricatures in which his chief opponent Paul

Sandby ridiculed the author's presumption. "Painter Pugg" was severely handled, and seems to have winced beneath this rain of blows; but it is the resentful victim, not his academic persecutors, whose opinions have stood the test of time.

PETER QUENNELL

'55 Field-Work

Tableaux Vivants. By OSBERT LANCASTER. *Gryphon Books.* 4*s.* 6*d*

Apologies. By MARGHANITA LASKI. *Harvill Press.* 6*s.*

The Pick of Punch. Edited by NICOLAS BENTLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

Best Humour from Punch. Edited by WILLIAM COLE. *Spearman.* 15*s.*

The Rake's Progress. By RONALD SEARLE. *Perpetua.* 15*s.*

Modern Types. By GEOFFREY GORER. *Cresset Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Lover's Travelogue. By RAYMOND PEYNET. *Perpetua.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley. *Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

According to Readership Figures, we are all divided into the social groupings of AB, C or DE. There is no U. Now one of the great investigators in Social Survey is, of course, Mr. Osbert Lancaster; and here he presents his '55 field-work in some sixty pocket cartoons, all of which could have been seen by over eight million *Daily Express* readers. The year's work may seem considerably overweighted in AB class observance; but that is quite discounted by the arrival of Jennifer Littlehampton as a deb—and as random a sample as any investigator has turned up for some time. In spite of some maternal hogging of the scene and general parental criticism and advice ("— and don't forget what I said about not getting plastered before the Season's properly started!") the girl appears in practically every disguise from Queen Charlotte's Ball to artist's model. How excellent it all is! Certain Social Groups would be well advised to choose *Tableaux Vivants* as their Christmas Card this year instead of the (at reminder times) embarrassing official affair. The Foreign Office, for example.

Jennifer has an alarmingly well-filled stocking. Perhaps next year will see her serving in an Espresso, which should fine her down: but her Christmas nylon could certainly do with Miss Laski's enchanting *Apologies*. Her field-work is particularly strong in the lower reaches of B. "You can always tell a lady because a lady—could be knocked down in the street with perfect confidence in her underwear", or "— keeps her little touches of white immaculate." The illustrations are by Anton, and, of course, superb; they jab the horrors of the clichés home with wicked calm.

The best of *Punch* contributors, the post-M enthusiasts, are also—like Mr. Lancaster and Miss Laski and Anton—those writers and artists who take a sharp, clear look at the AB body and have a sharp scalpel to hand. C and DE people seem to be only occasions for the setting of a visual joke: newspaper-boys or lorry-drivers with queer posters or vehicles. The shining exceptions are G. W. Stonier and Edward Ardizzone, both represented in *The Pick of Punch*, a handsome book with a good selection of the year's articles, poems and drawings, edited by Nicolas Bentley. The brisk House Surgeons of the new *Punch* are here: Claud Cockburn, John Betjeman, Paul Dehn (but why not his piece on how to pronounce the names of wines? Funniest thing in *Punch* for years) among the writers; and Ronald Searle, Anton again and André Francois among the artists.

To see how good *Punch* has become you have only to remember the old days; to open *Best Humour from Punch*. The blurb gives it away. It is a selection made with "loving care from the post-war years." And "rollicksome hours are ahead for the adventurer through these pages." It is all very pre-M and as wet as a cold compress.

JOHN GUNTHER's

Inside Africa

'Everything the ordinary intelligent reader wants to know about Africa will be found in the pages of this tremendous book. I myself read it with absorption from the first page to the last, and recommend it to every enquiring reader.'—ALAN PATON (author of *Cry, the Beloved Country*) *30s.*

Uncommon People

A Study of England's Elite

PAUL BLOOMFIELD

The Villiers, Wedgwoods, Cecils, Darwins and Huxleys are among the exceptional families described here who have influenced the destiny of England. *Illustrated 21s.*

The Myth of Sisyphus

ALBERT CAMUS

One of the clearest and strongest philosophical statements of our time.
'A stimulating and worthwhile book, full of youthful iconoclasm.'—CYRIL CONNOLLY (*Sunday Times*) *15s.*

The New Yorker Album 1950-1955

A book which is sure to amuse and delight a vast public. Nearly 500 drawings from the *New Yorker*, together with 40 covers in full colour. *35s.*

SIMENON

A Sense of Guilt

Comprising *Chez Krull* and *The Heart of a Man* *12s. 6d.*

and

Maigret and the Burglar's Wife

9s. 6d.

'Simenon is a superb craftsman. Never yet has he published a story which sags or lags. But the triumph of his art is his view of life—penetrating and philosophic, but fundamentally patient.'—ELIZABETH BOWEN

The Sleeper

HOLLY ROTH

An up-to-the-minute thriller by the author of *The Content Assignment* and *The Mask of Glass* which NANCY SPAIN called 'Two completely brilliant thrillers'. *9s. 6d.*

To be published on Dec. 1

La Grande Mademoiselle

FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

A biography of Anne-Marie-Louise of Orleans. *Illustrated 21s.*

Thurber's Dogs

JAMES THURBER

Stories & Drawings *12s. 6d.*

HAMISH HAMILTON

Richard the Third

PAUL MURRAY KENDALL

Previous works, whether frankly popular or of scholarly stamp, have been largely devoted to arguing a "case." This, the first real biography offers an impartial study of Richard's enigmatic character and turbulent career. Based almost wholly upon the pre-Tudor historical sources, it includes much entirely fresh material. *Illustrated.* 30*s.*

Charles I and the Puritan Upheaval

ALLEN FRENCH

Using extensively the papers at the Public Records Office, the author builds up a graphic picture of the type of man who emigrated to America. He also shows that religious feeling was the prime motive among the interlocking religious, economic and social factors. 30*s.*

English Radicalism 1786—1832

S. MACCOBY, Ph.D.

This volume covering the years from Paine to Cobbett completes the author's monumental history of the British Left from 1762 to 1914. He makes the greatest possible use of contemporary material. 50*s.*

Kwame Nkrumah

BANKOLE TIMOTHY

Traces Nkrumah's career from his childhood in the Gold Coast to the battle for independence that he fought and won. Bankole Timothy is well known both in his own country and England as a shrewd and vivid reporter of the West African scene. *Illustrated.* 16*s.*

The First Interview with a Psychiatrist

CHARLES BERG, M.D.

The unconscious psychology of psychiatric interviews is discussed and illustrated by many case histories. 18*s.*

ALLEN & UNWIN

The Rake's Progress is a really elegant and reasonably priced book. Fifteen of Mr. Searle's strips from *Punch*, with each individual drawing given a full page. My own favourite of these hellish modern downfalls is that episode in the Poet's life which begins: "Dines with Cyril Conn*lly." (Two wine glasses for Mr. C., none for the Poet.) But Mr. Searle is better at the very young and over-middle-aged. The characterisations of the teenagers and twenties never quite come off. Why has he made the jump from horrid children to horrid grown-ups (Trinian's to House of Commons) with an awkward gap? Anton is the same; and there are no youngsters in Geoffrey Gorer's *Modern Types*—illustrated also by Ronald Searle. These rasping little social profiles also came out in *Punch*. Has Mr. Gorer been influenced by the *People* Survey which he introduced during the year? One of the things that inquiry showed up was the non-committal sexual attitude of the English; and sex has no part in the lives of any of these modern types (which makes one believe that the readership of the *People*—like that of the *News of the World*—is founded on the theory that one half of the country likes very much to know what it is not itself doing).

Raymond Peynet's whimsical lovers, so often bare-bottomed and bare-bosomed, go round the world in their misty, sexy way in his latest collection of drawings, *The Lover's Travelogue*. This is another good bit of book-making by Perpetua. A bit over-sweet, perhaps, but decorative; and the girl is candidly luscious, which makes a change from the other books in this list.

Phyllis McGinley's poems have been appearing in the *New Yorker* for some years now. Like all (one suspects) American women she really *wants* to be surveyed; but nobody has turned up yet to quiz her.

> Still, hope's eternal. Here I stand and wait,
> All needles-y and pins-y,
> Thinking perhaps yon stranger at my gate
> May come from Dr. Kinsey;
> Might be, at worst, a messenger, delayed,
> Seeking my choices for the Hit Parade,
> But no one knocks to ask me, even now,
> Am I detergent-minded or a soaper.
> Where art thou, Gallup? ...

It is beautifully written light verse; more ingenious, more worked-out than most of the *Punch* rhyming. The kind of book you read through with a contented half-smile all the way; but when you put it down you realise how much you would have liked a bit of Dorothy Parker savagery. Send a copy to the friend in the F.O., in return for *Tableaux Vivants*. Underline the last line of the poem called *A Garland of Precepts*.

> Give the rich, to please them, riches.
> Give to love your hearth and hall.
> But do not give advice at all.

BERNARD GUTTERIDGE

The Tudors

CHRISTOPHER MORRIS

A new appraisal of the personalities of the Tudor monarchs—as entertainingly written as it is factually sound—by a Cambridge Lecturer in History. Illustrated. 21*s*.

The Mountains of Ireland

D. D. C. POCHIN MOULD

This is the first book to be written on the subject, and it will appeal equally to the climber, geologist and amateur archaeologist. With 48 photographs. 21*s*.

Bristol Cream

GODFREY HARRISON

Those interested in wine and in Britain's social and commercial history will find both in this history of one of the most celebrated English wine merchants—Harveys of Bristol. Illustrated. 18*s*.

Batsford

Mountain Ideologies

A History of British Mountaineering. By R. L. G. IRVING. *Batsford*. 25*s*.

The West Face. By GUIDO MAGNONE. *Museum Press*. 18*s*.

Commando Climber. By MIKE BANKS. *Dent*. 18*s*.

Road to Rakaposhi. By GEORGE BAND. *Hodder & Stoughton*. 16*s*.

For all the plainsman's illusions about the uplifting effects of the eternal snows, climbers are just as liable to fall out among themselves as any other body of specialists. For them words like "piton," "Grade VI," "vibram," "oxygen," are potentially as explosive, as apt to put up blood pressures, as, in other circles, "comprehensive school," "Lysenko," "twelve-note row" or "disestablishment." There is a Right and a Left in climbing as in politics, an Old Guard who look back to simpler days in nailed boots, and progressives who extend the sport by new techniques. These four books help to pin-point some current attitudes.

First comes Mr. Irving, a veteran of the Right who, like other pillars of the constitution, was a rebel in his day, and censured by grave elders of the Alpine Club for taking schoolboys climbing without a guide (one of the boys was Mallory). His handsomely illustrated story of British exploits in Alps, Caucasus, Himalaya and at home is injected with his own passionately held views. Though he tries hard to be fair to the climbers who have so pushed up the standard in the last ten years, he is always measuring them against the heroes of his own particular pre-1914 Golden Age, and finds them materially minded, tainted with competition, technique-mad, and keener on difficulty than on beauty. He says there can be no absolute standard of difficulty—hence his grouse against systems of classifying climbs; but then no more is there an absolute standard of beauty. A man of Mr. Irving's temperament will find it in contemplation on a lonely summit; others discover beauty in the rhythm of movement, or in the application of technique—which is skill and intelligence—to the problems set by the mountain.

Mechanisation, the extensive use of pitons and such, is one of the developments Mr. Irving most dislikes, and he treats us to some heavy sarcasm on the subject and fantasies as to its future development. The reality, as described by the Frenchman Guido Magnone, is far more interesting and every bit as strange. He is a man of the extreme Left, and defiantly issues his manifesto:

> The modern climber is breaking out of the bounds within which his valiant predecessors and their historians tried to enclose the practice and art of the mountaineer. He no longer accepts its aged laws and their morality.

Magnone's book concerns the first ascent of the West face of the Dru above Chamonix; and, even in its rather clumsy translation, it takes us right into the mind of the mountain technician. Like other experts, he plans: the winter is devoted to estimates of pitons, wedges and snap-links, checking of food and bivouac-gear, calculation of weights and rope-lengths. He carries out a scientific programme of training, he builds up a close-knit team. Then he lays siege to his climb. Magnone and his three friends made five attempts, spread over three years, before they completed their route up this apparently holdless rock-face over 3,000 feet high, of an average inclination of 80 deg. Painfully they worked their way up; they hung in *étriers*—short rope ladders—and hammered pitons into rocks bulging out over their heads; they swung across smooth slabs by a kind of rope-pendulum; lashed to the rock, they sat out mountain storms on minute ledges, and survived falling stones; forced down by snow and gale, they came back again and again. To spend five consecutive days (and four bivouacs) on climbing a mountain which has a one-day route up the other side is a perverse pleasure that can do with explaining. In his preface Maurice Herzog makes clear that the force that moved Magnone's party to this ordeal was that active brand of existentialism that we have already met in the men of Annapurna: "Master of his energies, rich in everything, a man may choose the life he considers worthy. So will the Alpinist choose and, tackling obstacles, make his way in absolute freedom."

A less complicated enthusiasm blows through Mike Banks's *Commando Climber*, though he, too, is a progressive and learnt his climbing among the Commandos, whose job is to get up things, and not to worry about orthodoxy. He started on the cliffs near Land's End, where gales from the Scillies would pluck men off the rock and drowning was a greater risk than crashing, and he liked it so well that he stayed on as instructor. Then, discovering that rock-climbing was only part of mountaineering, he found his way to the Highlands, Alps, Cyprus and Greenland. He is no stylist and falls into a cliché as he would never fall into a crevasse, still his bubbling high spirits carry one along the stages of an unusual mountain career which culminates in an ascent of the Brenva Face of Mont Blanc by moonlight. Mr. Irving would concede that the route is one of the great classics of the Alps; Captain Banks demonstrates that different approaches may lead climbers to much the same goal.

A common criticism made by the Old Guard about the post-war progressives is that they are just rock-gymnasts, not real mountaineers. Such critics should read *Road to Rakaposhi*, which describes the attempt on this Karakoram giant by a small Cambridge party which included several climbers adept with pitons and *étriers*, who had already made their name by some very fine rock climbs in the Alps. On Rakaposhi they were dealing mainly with ice and snow, often in tricky conditions; yet they pushed their way farther up than any of the other strong parties that had previously tried the mountain, and very efficiently conducted a retreat in bad weather. The writing is not quite up to the action it describes—there is rather too much determined brightness about it—but there are some good passages on the trip out, from Cambridge to Rawalpindi by Bedford truck, and on the days devoted to polo, apricots and dancing in Gilgit and Nagir.

It is natural that the Old Guard should regret and resent change. But the worst changes in the Alps today come not from the mechanised climber with his sackful of tools, but from the exploiters and engineers who are hanging a *téléphérique* right across the Mont Blanc massif, and whose roads and barrages are ruthlessly transforming every second Alpine valley. Are all these works strictly necessary? Are not some of the roads, at least, only being constructed to attract motor tourists to the remote beauty which the road itself will largely destroy? On these actual issues Left wing and Right, Old Guard and progressive, will very likely be found in the same lobby.

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In one of his later books, there is a photograph of Wyndham Lewis taken in 1942, standing with Jacques Maritain in a bleak, leaf-strewn garden. He wears a trilby hat, a double-breasted suit, and spectacles: he looks mild, patient, vaguely horticultural—as if about to disappear into the potting-shed, or discuss "Thinning out your herbaceous border" in the Home Service on Sunday afternoon. Appearances are deceptive, of course: but what a contrast with the Wyndham Lewis of 1912, 1916, or 1928! The 1912 photograph shows a nicotined bohemian, brooding darkly through thick lank hair over a white cravat: by 1916 the same dark eyes are set in the mask of the young artillery subaltern, *tipo* David Niven: by 1928, pipe and spectacles have appeared, but the gaze is firm and piercing, and the hat, badge of nonconformity, has a broad, belligerent brim.

There are gulfs, one feels, between these various *personæ*; and the feeling is strengthened as soon as one compares Lewis's earlier and later novels and critical works. Any reader of *Self-Condemned* (1954) who there made first acquaintance with Lewis's prodigious talent must sometimes have wondered what all the pre-war fuss was about: why Lewis aroused such passionate antipathies and such malign indifference; why three separate books of criticism have been written to defend him; and why he himself, in *Rude Assignment* (1950), described his career in such sore and rueful tones.

Who's Who reveals—amid precious little else—that he was born in America in 1884. As a child of eight, he says elsewhere,

> I stitched together pieces of paper and wrote the first of many books of this order. They were no stupider than the Volsungensaga but in range even narrower, being confined altogether to war, instead of practically altogether to war.
>
> In these booklets my first art-work appeared: stiff and hieratic friezes of heavily accoutred manikins. . . There is much action in the text, but practically none in its visual accompaniment.
>
> . . . It never ceases for me to be unpleasant that the tiny mind of a little animal like myself at eight and earlier should be filled by its elders with such pasteboard violence, initiating it into this old game of murder. Born into a military aristocracy life begins full of excited little bangs and falsetto war-cries.

Any usher could correct the syntax; but this rare passage of reminiscence bristles with clues to Lewis's later development—many of them doubtless "planted". There is his double profession of artist and writer; there is his sense of aristocracy; there is his distaste for infantile adults; there is his loathing of, and fascination by, war. Throughout his career of preaching against violent action, there has been "much action in the text"; and his claim to be an objective observer has not always disguised his relish for the pose of rebel.

Tarr, his Dostoievskian first novel, was written in his early period of revolt against the Englishness of Rugby and the "academic inexact impressionism" of the Slade School. Re-read today, it reeks of Du Maurier, despite much savage power and mockery. The *Blast* manifestoes, likewise, have a dreadfully faded modernity: to appreciate their spirited iconoclasm, one has to fight one's way back through the jungly typography into an age when "damn" and "blast," despite *Pygmalion*, were still quite grave swearwords; when skirts and bathing-dresses were still voluminous; when Arnold Bennett, a one-man *Reader's Digest*, was telling disciples *How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day*; and when Lewis, Pound, Epstein, Hulme, Gaudier Brzeska, and others—shock-troops of "the great London Vortex"—were campaigning against the bourgeoisie, Futurism, Cubism, and Post-impressionism, from the Rebel Art Centre at 38 Great Ormond Street. Writing in 1937, Lewis rightly predicted that their successors would look back in wonder on Pound, Joyce, Eliot, and himself—Ford Madox Ford's "proud and haughty generation" of 1914:

> We are not only "the last men of an epoch" (as Mr. Edmund Wilson and others have said): we are more than that, or we are that in a different way to what is most often asserted. *We are the first men of a Future that has not materialised.*

Perhaps the dawn was too bright to last: at all events The War, as a shaken world termed it, destroyed the security which had both nourished and provoked the rebels. Many of the works of the Twenties, indeed, were the last delayed products of the pre-war world. Lewis later described his war experience, in *Blasting and Bombardiering*, with the grim gusto he tends to use on subjects that unnerve him; clearly, the war for him was a slow catalyst. His friends Gaudier and Baker were killed; his mother died in the post-war epidemic of pneumonia. After some more manifestoes, Lewis "went underground", as he put it, to make a fresh start in painting, writing, and thinking. When he at length emerged it was with a harder shell, the brazen swagger of The Enemy. He brought with him an amazingly developed prose style, and a vast assembly of ideas.

To the later Twenties, indeed, belongs some of his best and most characteristic work. In *The Art of Being Ruled*, *The Lion and the Fox*, and *Time and Western Man*, he forged his political and æsthetic philosophy, singling out with great discernment such fashionable phenomena as homosexuality, the youth cult, psycho-analysis, primitivism, nostalgia for childhood, mis-applied relativism, and a Bergsonian emphasis on "becoming", as interrelated factors in the herd-degeneracy of the age. With typical melodrama, Lewis declared this due to a conspiracy promoted by men in power—a new opium of the people, manufactured in Bloomsbury. If his hypothesis was absurd, his diagnosis was brilliant and profound. His standpoint, essentially, was that of an anti-relativist committed to belief in external and objective reality. But in a partisan age, few people like or even believe in the disinterested inquirer; still less do they understand him when he uses sardonic irony. And for several reasons Lewis now ran into political trouble which ruined his sales and his reputation for more than a decade.

His offending books were five in number. In *Paleface*, he attacked the smart cult of the primitive and the Negro; the hasty reader labelled him a racialist. In *Hitler* (1931) he stressed—with slight relish, indeed—the significance of that then obscure politician, the comic butt of the British Press; again, the hasty reader had a label ready. Later, when Hitler revealed his hand, Lewis spoke out unmistakably; but not before he had further alienated the militant Left with two anti-war pamphlets, right-headed, perhaps, but disastrously timed. And as early as 1930 he had made important enemies with *The Apes of God*, in which he applied to the practice of fiction his whole system of ideas. The result was a comic masterpiece, the most famous and most deadly of all the satires on Bloomsbury: a behaviouristic study, grotesquely minute, of the gigantic puppets he manœuvred through his plot. Some, missing the point and forgetting the trivial inspiration of *Joseph Andrews*, *The Dunciad*, and *The Rape of the Lock*, dismissed *The Apes of God* as "a saga of going out to tea." Others, lampooned and scandalised, took refuge in quasi-legal mutterings. Still others moralised about Lewis's "monotonous scorn."

At this distance the stature of *The Apes of God* seems to derive from the pyrotechnical "Vorticist" prose which it shares with *The Childermass*, published two years before. This crackling display, certainly, can become "monotonous scorn," as tedious and indigestible as a diet of spices. In *The Apes of God* such slow-motion puppetry as it imposes on the characters is to the author's purpose: there is continuous action, moreover, and great variety of incident, as well as much more "inner reaction" than a strictly behaviourist technique would admit. In *The Childermass*, however, there is far more sense of the rather static puppet-play—a feeling emphasised by the use of the historic present and, towards the end, of dramatised dialogue. The scene, as Lewis describes it, is "outside Heaven," where two of the earth's deceased, Pullman and his former fag Satterthwaite, pace the banks of the river which separates them from the City. Both are treated entirely externally, as is every figure in the fantasy—most of all the paunchy, hunchbacked Bailiff, interrogator and gate-keeper of the City. The Bailiff, a towering creation at once sinister, disgusting, and pathetic, seems to be the mouthpiece of Lewis's hated time-philosophies: he successively apes nigger-minstrel patter and the punning language of James Joyce. But *The Childermass* is no simple morality. Hyperides, the Bailiff's opponent, is not wholly admirable; the Bailiff himself incorporates much of Wyndham Lewis; and Pullman, as his further adventures reveal, is a very ambiguous figure.

A note in the first edition of *The Childermass* promised its second and third instalments in the autumn of 1928: but publishing disputes and other difficulties postponed the sequel for nearly 30 years*. Although Lewis must surely

* *The Human Age. Book 2: Monstre Gai. Book 3: Malign Fiesta.* By Wyndham Lewis. Illustrated by Michael Ayrton. *Methuen.* 30*s.*

have known how he intended to develop his story, it seems likely that the two instalments now published were only recently written. The changes in his prose style, and in the outlook which it reflects, make this virtually certain. Lewis's "Vorticist" prose re-appeared for the last time in *Snooty Baronet* (1932). From *The Revenge for Love* (1937) onwards, he began to take a more personal interest in his characters, and, except in isolated scenes, could no longer describe them behaviouristically, as bizarre animated puppets. His use of language was still crisp and wilful: but it now made subtler, less strident demands upon the reader. And some difficulty arises in the continuation of *The Childermass*: whether to revert to the earlier manner with all its tried limitations, or whether to transform the puppets Pullman and Satterthwaite into real persons by allowing them to be seen from within.

The first page of *Monstre Gai* provides Lewis's answer. "It was darkening rapidly. This was welcomed by Pullman." From now on, the action will be viewed through his eyes. The approach is still diffident—"This was welcomed"—a tactful passive voice; but the differences, to Pullman and to the Bailiff, are crucial.

The changes are far from excluding the old verbal brilliance:

> These window displays were a revelation, to the newcomers, of the city's civilised resources, or as it sometimes seemed to Pullman, uncivilised resources. Very beautifully suited waxen-faced gentlemen, with expressions of ineffable sweetness, and exuding *bon-ton*, stood in attitudes of impeccable politeness.

These, significantly, are dummies: but Satterthwaite and others too are still seen from without, grotesquely; and since Pullman himself is rather detached and abstracted, he can sometimes turn the glare of satire on his own person. What gives *Monstre Gai* and *Malign Fiesta* their compelling force, however, is the progressive moral plight in which Pullman involves himself and his companion: first with the Bailiff, after they have penetrated the city—which is *not* Heaven; and later, when they have fled to a still more precarious position, with the Bailiff's master, the very godlike Satan. *Malign Fiesta*, which describes their dealings with the Devil, has the pace and intensity of Lewis's best work.

Already our various orthodoxies are beginning to stake their claims in this strange Alaska. For Mr. Eliot, its pattern appears to be Christian; in another view, Pullman's Progress is an allegorical history of our time. Such explanations, like the labels tagged on Lewis in the Thirties, seem to me to ignore the subtleties of his thinking and the ambiguities of *The Human Age*. In some degree this is its weakness, in that the focus is on the mechanism of degradation, while a blur and a slight vagueness invest Pullman's mind. A trace of puppetry thus lingers. But the cataclysmic power of Lewis's writing never fails him at important moments. At the end of *Malign Fiesta*, Pullman is carried off by the terrible and impassive soldiers of God. I personally await with enormous eagerness the fourth instalment, announced in a resounding title as *The Trial of Man*.

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It is morning.
All night long the cumbersome thunder,
Gently, bothered the darkness, and
In this dawn our blood is quite sour.
My fair Lady.

How small you look.
Indeed, how large you are. Huge stones
That tumbled all night long, at dawn
Are coloured scribbles in your palm.
My fair Lady.

Half-noon is warm.
Beside what were the stones you put a book.
And reading it as close as moss, look through,
If it is empty, to your knees. And put it down.
My fair Lady.

And at high-noon?
Made food from berries, clay and wax. And served
Whatever Gods are close at hand and starved
For such soiled honey as the human can provide.
My fair Lady.

The zenith leans.
Gold-dust, and work, and tar, and over you
The whole Earth glides, but stops if you should look.
There. Yes, over there. A Sunday Eve and Adam. Ah,
My fair Lady

Almost at five
Homeing with butterscotch upon their lips, to wait
For Sunday week. A day to see themselves. And us.
And you? Your finger points towards the darkening house.
My fair Lady.

Dusk makes things plain.
Unless with you—Plotinus has ten times
Evicted Tom from Bedlam. It is cold outside.
And with Jack Straw he'll break your gate and mine.
My fair Lady.

This slow Earth turns.
If William Blake should take a mythic wife
And talk and walk with her all day
You both would nod to angels on the way
My fair Lady.

And in wide dark.
It could not be strange. For what you saw
This Jack or that, or Jill or that would see
Going from Bread Street to the Hebrides with you,
My fair Lady.

And coming back?
Now night. London's river bears no fish,
And will again—so in thy heart come back
And I will make a treasure chest
My fair Lady.

With hasps in tune
Filled up with shells, old water weeds, and wind,
Stones almost as bright as human eyes,
And Tom will give it thee while Jill stands by.
My fair Lady.

Dream now, and dream.
Live you each of the twenty four
Imaginary hours we have made
To rid us all of toil and pain.
My fair Lady.

Laid down to see,
And thus turned outward from the sun—
One stone upon that throat you fed at noon—
Black in the quiet where thy years were born.
My fair Lady.

The sundial stops.
The thunder comes again. Within your head,
And in the street and in between the rain,
Too many Eves are wet, too many Adams dead.
Oh my fair Lady
Oh my fair Lady.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

Who Painted the Caves?

The White Lady of the Brandberg. By ABBÉ BREUIL. *Trianon Press: Faber.* 105*s*.

I was first introduced to the White Lady of Brandberg several years ago when the Abbé Breuil was unrolling his voluminous tracings of South African rock-paintings on the floor of the handsome drawing-room of the French Embassy in London. The Abbé, surely the most dynamic man ever to fill a cassock, darted about on all fours like an eager black dog, unfurling roll after roll, while his devoted assistant, Miss Boyle, tried in vain to hold down the curling edges. Soon the other guests and the footmen in their white cotton gloves were pressed up against the walls before the rising papery tide; the Ambassador, while maintaining the deference proper to the doyen of French prehistory, was obviously delighted by the incongruous scene.

This was at a time when Breuil had only recently returned from the second of his two expeditions to the Brandberg range of South-West Africa; I am happy now to be able to see the paintings steadily and at leisure on the pages of this fine publication. The plates of the White Lady, and the other figures in the ritual procession in which she appears, have been beautifully reproduced, and there is no question that in looking at them one gets a far clearer and more pleasing impression of the pictures than one would on the rock-face itself.

No one can feel anything but gratitude for being put in possession of these attractive works, hitherto only known through the roughest of sketches and most obscure of photographs. When

it comes to the interpretation put upon them, however, many readers will go beyond ingratitude. Already there has been a controversy in an African learned journal waged with an outspoken violence worthy of the nineteenth century.

So far as I can interpret it, the position is as follows. During the present century rock-paintings have been found in four principal regions of Africa: in the north round the Libyan desert, in Tanganyika, Southern Rhodesia and South-West Africa. The Bushmen tribes are known still to have been practising the art when White settlement began in the south, and it has been usual to attribute at least the southern groups of paintings to them and their direct forebears. The dating of cave art is always difficult because here archæology is denied the use of stratification, its chief weapon in the struggle to establish chronologies. However, in a cave in Southern Rhodesia pigments obviously used on adjacent wall paintings were discovered in deposits believed to date from immediately post-glacial times. This means that the earliest "Bushman" art may date back some ten thousand years, though most of it is certainly very much later. Most authorities would connect the origin of the African paintings either with the predominantly Mesolithic East Spanish Art (which differs sharply from the earlier and more famous schools represented at Lascaux and Altamira) and suppose it to have spread southward through the continent, or see the various African groups as the spontaneous creation of local hunting peoples. In conflict with both these interpretations, the Abbé Breuil wishes to make the Brandberg the centre of a distinct school of "Great Art" introduced about the time of Moses by foreign invaders from the north, both racially and culturally closely connected with Crete and Egypt. For him the Lady herself is "of the best Mediterranean type with a straight nose" and may be "contemporary with Rameses II and Moses." Miss Boyle, who is acknowledged as being largely responsible for this part of the book, would go so far as to identify the costume of the White Lady with that worn in the Cretan bull games and to recognise her as Isis-Diana followed by the skeleton of Osiris and with Sebek the crocodile servant of Seth as another member of her cortège. The whole Brandberg procession would, in short, show the second Mystery of Egypt, Isis and the resurrection of Osiris-Horus.

When it was first announced, the reaction to this theory in South Africa was sharp. Critics declared, among other things, that in the conditions prevailing at the Brandberg, paintings could not possibly have remained fresh for thousands of years, while the costumes shown, so far from being ancient Cretan or Egyptian, could all be paralleled in South-West Africa in modern times. Some of them questioned the White Lady's sex. While agreeing that these works show exceptional artistic talent, the critics are convinced that they are recent, and the talent of local growth.

Looking at the pictures with what detachment I can, I find myself sharing many of these doubts. I think the figure might well be that of a youth; I do not think it is wearing a tunic or that the artist necessarily wished to suggest a white skin. I consider all the particular parallels drawn with Crete and Egypt to be quite unwarranted. Yet the procession is undoubtedly painted with a skill and feeling hardly equalled elsewhere in Africa, and it does seem certain that different racial types have been deliberately represented.

For the present we are all free to speculate. But African prehistory has been progressing very fast of late, and there is good reason to hope that the cave art will soon fit into place in a coherent post-glacial history of the continent. When knowledge cuts the wings of speculation we shall all have to come down to earth. Should the evidence prove to be against them, no one will have so far to fall as the Abbé Breuil and Miss Mary Boyle. They have soared too high.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

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The Objective View

The Intelligent Heart. The Story of D. H. Lawrence. By HARRY T. MOORE. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

The Lawrence legend is entering a new phase. Or rather, as the spate of memoirs by personal friends and enemies dries up, it is ceasing to be a legend, and something like an objective account of his life and relations with the world begins to be possible. Whatever fluctuations his literary fame may yet have to go through, Lawrence will always remain, like Rousseau and Byron, one whose personal impact on his time is a heavy reinforcement to his writings. A detailed and reliable biography is therefore very much to be desired. Up to now we have had Richard Aldington's *Portrait of a Genius, But . . .*, ambiguous and uncertain-tempered, but fuller and, on the whole, fairer than any previous account; and Harry T. Moore's earlier *Life and Works of D. H. Lawrence*, a mine of useful facts and documents, but like many a life-and-works, unable to make up its mind whether it is biography or criticism. Now both are superseded by Mr. Moore's new book. *The Intelligent Heart* contains as much information about Lawrence as we are likely to have for a long time to come. Very probably there is little more to be found. Mr. Moore has collated all the reminiscences, consulted every survivor of the Lawrence circle who had anything to communicate, and discovered a large number of unpublished letters, many of them brilliant and important ones. No-one has laboured to assemble so much material before and very probably no one will be in a position to do so again. Documents have been checked by personal recollections, personal recollections by each other, in a way that will be impossible a few years hence.

The tactical difficulties must have been formidable. It is impossible to write about Lawrence without treading on numerous living corns; and Mr. Moore trod heavily on some of them in his earlier book. Yet he has contrived to remain on terms with their owners, to elicit private testimonies, and to put them together to form a consistent story. He owes most to Frieda Lawrence, who has supplied him with a mass of evidence, both oral and documentary. But he has made his own use of the material, and the picture of Lawrence that emerges is decidedly Mr. Moore's and not Mrs. Lawrence's—as he makes plain in his acknowledgements, and she has already made plain in an earlier issue of this journal. Lawrence's surviving relatives naturally looked at his career in a different light from his biographer; yet, over the years this book has been in preparation, they have been persuaded to contribute their testimony. Mr. Middleton Murry's relations with Lawrence are handled far from tenderly, yet he, too, has been willing to give his evidence on a number of doubtful matters. Mr. Moore has sailed through these and other complications with unembarrassed confidence; and one is bound to feel in places that other views would be possible. But then, with a life as controversial as Lawrence's one would be bound to feel that anyway. A dose of coarse commonsense is not a thing to grouse about in Lawrence studies; and without it this book would hardly have been written.

The Intelligent Heart will not perhaps remain the definitive biography, though all succeeding biographers must rely on it. The very qualities that have enabled Mr. Moore to rustle up the facts and to sort them into a coherent pattern probably forbid the finer shades of interpretation. The ideal compiler and the ideal interpreter are not often the same person. *The Intelligent Heart* is far better written and more mature in its judgments than Mr. Moore's earlier book; it makes less attempt at formal criticism, but what criticism it contains is sharper and more perceptive; and the closing pages in particular are sympathetic and moving. For all that, it is too rough and ready a piece of work for finality. An efficient narrative style serves as mortar for the thickly sprinkled quotations, and a shrewd rather commonplace judgment sets the characters before us as recognisable types. Transforming insight is not Mr. Moore's department. The want of it shows where it always shows in literary biographies—in the failure to convince us of the presence of genius. We have been told on high authority that the more perfect the artist the more separate in him will be the man who suffers and the poet who creates. Maybe so; but it is as well that they should seem to be on speaking terms; and anyway Lawrence was not that kind of artist. The man and the creator were too close together. Yet nearly all the biographical writing about him falls into one of two errors; it either screws adulation to such a pitch that the reader revolts; or it produces a string of pettinesses that seem to contradict the achievement. Mr. Moore, to his eternal credit, avoids both; yet even he produces for our inspection a smaller man than the writer of *Sons and Lovers* and *Twilight in Italy*. The discords and wrangles in which Lawrence's life abounded are neither shirked nor exaggerated; but the vitality and the creative happiness seem somehow to have slipped through his fingers.

The background of English society remains rather shadowy, and there are some minor errors in place and personal names (Mablethorpe is not Marblethorpe, Cassino is not in the Abruzzi, etc.); but in general the mass of detail is impressive and carefully checked. If the figure of Lawrence remains curiously unrelated to its setting, if we never quite see him in a living relation with other people, we have really no right to complain. The fascination and the repulsion that he exercised must always remain enigmatic to those who did not know him; even some of the facts must remain obscure. It may be that we shall never know how many dinner-plates Lawrence broke on people's heads, or how many were broken on his. No one has quite succeeded in re-animating the transit of Lawrence through the twentieth-century social scene—except himself; and he has done it so fully that there is no call for the biographer to compete with him. With a writer like Lawrence the biographer's chief duty is to provide footnotes to the works, to enable us to place them in their setting, and to see the personal experiences that contributed to their making. All this is done in *The Intelligent Heart*, with an admirable competence and devotion. There will be no need for another book of this kind; but to judge by the present researches, there is still a fair quantity of unpublished Lawrence correspondence scattered about the world. Might not Mr. Moore complete his services to Lawrence's memory by turning his attention to a full edition of the letters?

GRAHAM HOUGH

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U-, M- and w-

Studies in Class Structure. By G. D. H. COLE. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

The study of social class has always fascinated two distinct groups of critics. The first group finds delight in class boundaries, in the little things of life which are felt to provide sure class indicators. A hundred years ago Emily Eden noted that there was something about Gladstone's tone of voice and his "way of coming into a room," which was definitely "not aristocratic": in 1955 Nancy Mitford, with the help of a University professor, lingers contentedly over shades of vocabulary and pronunciation, and divides the nation into U and non-U. The second group of critics holds that the key to history and politics is the massive structure of class differentiation, the one big fact of life which explains almost everything else. The subsequent analysis, whether specifically Marxist or not, is usually associated with recipes for action. Discovering the facts of class is the prelude to social change.

Professor Cole is an unrepentant and distinguished member of the second group, as this collection of essays shows. He admits that classes are not sharply definable entities whose precise numbers can be determined by gathering in enough information about every individual, and maintains that they are rather "aggregations of persons round a number of central nuclei." It can be said with confidence only of those persons near each centre that they are members of a particular class. Those further from the centre "can be assigned to the class it represents only with increasing uncertainty." Professor Cole goes on, however, to explore the centre rather than the circumference, to investigate the basic division between upper, middle and lower, and to show how the division has developed in time.

His most interesting observations are to be found in a long study of elites in British society, where he turns from classes as such to groups which rise to positions of leadership and influence at every social level. In this essay he defends many of the main features of British society—the fact that power is not concentrated at a single point, but diffused; the characteristic quality of permitting one and the same individual to be connected with a number of different, but overlapping social groups; the place of "real self-government" and "diversity in unity." Much of the argument of this essay modifies a simplified Marxist model of British class divisions, and demonstrates, as Professor Cole frequently does in other parts of the book, why the Britain of 1955 is not the Britain which Marx—or, for that matter, Emily Eden—anticipated.

The least satisfactory study is that on "the conception of the middle classes," in which Professor Cole turns not to statistics but to history to illuminate his problem. He argues that the phrase "middle class" is not simply the British equivalent of the French "*bourgeois*," but for once he does not make his argument completely clear. The *bourgeoisie*, he says, was not in the middle of anything—at least consciously so—and in those parts of Europe where it did not spread into the countryside, but remained as an urban *enclave* in a feudal society, there was no room for the evolution of a genuine "middle class" on a

national scale. There was consequently no opportunity for the permeation of the whole national society by characteristic liberal middle-class values. Some of the distinctions in this study look forced, and many other more important historical changes are concealed. The growth of a specifically industrial *bourgeoisie*, for example, was the prelude to the first use of the term "middle class," which was not generally employed in Britain before the nineteenth century. Professor Cole might have speculated more profitably on the history of the phrase and examined the process whereby it supplanted older social labels. His own historical argument is too general to be of much value, and he has to concede at the end that "the concept of the middle class is exceedingly elusive, by whatever route one approaches it."

Two further studies in this volume discuss the social structure of Britain in the mid-nineteenth and the mid-twentieth centuries, and there is a stimulating essay—originally published in Belgium—on the influence of technological changes on the development of class structure in Western Europe, but there is too much overlapping and repetition to make this an entirely successful book. There is also too little reference to the work of other scholars to make it a complete picture of the present state of class studies. Professor Cole is best when he makes his own pungent judgments on men and trends or when he points to problems which are still unsolved. Perhaps some of the answers may be discovered in the more detailed study of the family as an institution, and in the collection, not of census data, but of family histories. Eventually, indeed, there may emerge a group of critics of class, which will recruit its members from both the existing groups which, so far, have looked uneasily at each other but seldom spoken.

ASA BRIGGS

In the Steps of St. Ernest

The Masks of Spain. By HENRY GIBBS. *Muller.* 15*s.*

Here in Spain. By CHAPMAN MORTIMER. *Cresset.* 21*s.*

Year after year, like the pikemen of the Valois descending on Lombardy, the professional writers pour down into Spain. Olivettis clicking, Kodaks snapping, they sip *manzanilla* in Cadiz, eat *paella* in Madrid, are robbed by gypsies in Granada, angered by priests in Seville. They stock their minds with atmosphere, their notebooks with anecdote, and, as the autumn days lengthen, they pour their findings into the grateful laps of insatiable publishers. Picaresque novelists and journalistic seers, dramatic critics and literary *compères* struggle manfully to thrill spinsters in Canterbury with the magic of the *corrida* and, to a chorus of *olés, toreros, mujers, guapas* and *hombres*, squeeze, with infinite archness, the last drop of colourful copy from Spain's tragic soul.

Here, for instance, is Mr. Henry Gibbs, his typewriter panting from global journalistic triumphs. After *Balkan Windows, Africa on a Tightrope* and *Italy on Borrowed Time*, we now find him in Madrid, pencil poised, ears cocked for the significant phrase which will enable him to pin down the spirit of a nation in one pithy sentence. From his very first words we know what to expect. "On the other side of the long, dim hotel lounge," he begins, "the three priests lit cigars and started on their second magnum of champagne. . . ." Yes, you've guessed: Mr. Gibbs takes a censorious view of the Church in Spain, and he is scarcely less unkind to General Franco. He holds, in fact, all the right views. But Mr. Gibbs, like Mr. Shinwell, is an embarrassing ally. His rehash of the Civil War, painfully concocted from the usual secondary sources, his potted history of Iberian civilisation, his psychological survey of Spanish women ("havoc in the harem"), and, worst of all, his clumsy analysis of the philosophy of Unamuno—all of it expressed in the new neo-American prose fashioned by our

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A vigorous recovery in earnings, and details of developments to meet the needs of this scientific age, were reported by Sir Ivan Stedeford, K.B.E., Chairman of Tube Investments, Limited, in his annual statement circulated with the accounts to stockholders yesterday.

Sir Ivan said that, although costs continued upwards and world competition was keener, trading profits after depreciation were £8,500,000, compared with the two previous years, when, relatively, they fell from about the same figure to around £6,000,000. The improvement extended to almost all branches and resulted in a record turnover in value and volume. A significant factor had been the benefit of the large capital expenditure over recent years. About half of TI's output had gone overseas in direct or indirect exports, the United States now being the largest foreign customer.

The £8,150,000 sought by the recent capital issue was needed to finance TI's expansion of manufacturing, research and development facilities in face of the rapid march of science and technology. For many years the necessary finance had been provided mainly from the company's resources, but the gathering momentum made this no longer possible. The three main lines of development concerned synthetic materials; domestic uses of atomic energy, and automatic machines. TI still had a long way to go, but it had already come to close grips with each.

The conversion of Hinxton Hall, Cambridge, to research laboratories was virtually completed, and the construction of new laboratories there was in hand, including a "hot" laboratory for work on radio-active material. An electron accelerator had been installed. A further research unit, the Technological Department, had been formed to develop the practical applications of new techniques and materials up to prototype or pilot production. Three sections, dealing with irradiated materials, automatic equipment and plastic developments, were in being.

There had been a high degree of mechanisation in the £36 millions spent since the war on modernisation and expansion. Outstanding were the two tube mills at Desford and Wednesfield, and the cylinder plant at Chesterfield, which had been designed before the term "automation" hit the headline, and had been regarded more as a logical, if considerable, extension of mechanisation. TI was active in the atomic energy industry, playing its traditional part in supplying essential equipment and components, some in rare and difficult metals.

The previous year's trading losses of the Aluminium Division had been turned to a profit, which accounted for a difference of £700,000 in TI's overall results; the Cycle Division had shewn an agreeable increase in overseas and home sales, and encouraging progress had been made by the Electrical Division. The Steel Tube Division, with new plant, had regained the ground lost in the two previous years of recession, but supplies of tube steel could not be regarded with equanimity. Round Oak Steel Works had improved its earnings, and with the £3 million expansion scheme there for the production of tube steel and traditional products, he was confident that TI's investment in the company would be amply justified. The decision some years ago to engage in the manufacture of capital goods was yielding encouraging results, the Engineering and General Divisions giving a good account of themselves and demonstrating an ability to expand their business.

Sir Ivan said that he had visited Canada, India, South Africa and Rhodesia during the year, and was satisfied with the progress of associates and subsidiaries. Reassuring reports had been received from Australia and Argentina. A new company, Tube Products of India, Ltd., with a capital of Rs.20 millions (£1,500,000), had been formed to manufacture precision and mechanical tubes and manipulated components.

slicker daily journalists—will arouse first the suspicions, and then the hostility, of anyone who knows or cares about Spain. Finally, to give the last twist to our jangled nerves, Mr. Gibbs has some sinister spelling habits. *Souq* for *souk* and *qasba* for *casba* I can accept, but what authority does he possess for referring to the Borjias?

Mr. Mortimer is by no means so certain that the essence of Spain can be distilled in the course of a Fleet Street Cook's Tour. He began by asking every Spaniard he met to tell him all about Spain. As he soon found, however, Spaniards, like Communists, rarely give satisfactory answers to questions. When he asked the proprietress of a circus to tell him about the Spanish spirit, she scrutinised him narrowly, thought hard for several minutes, and then, with a glance at the Englishwoman who was with him, replied: "In Spain, decent women do not smoke." In the end, he got better results by simply using his eyes, ears and nose—and here he is very good indeed. He notices, for instance, that Spain, far from being colourful, is a monochromatic country; that bulls sometimes give a whinny of fear when they first come into the ring; that the men of Jerez are all big and ugly; that Malaga is the nicest town to live in; and that the Catalan *sardaña*—and not the vulgar romps from Andalusia—is the most moving Spanish dance.

Most of *Here in Spain* makes excellent reading, despite Mr. Mortimer's disastrous excursions into the historic present, his peculiar use of semicolons, his maddening habit of referring to Spanish crowds as *El Publico*, and his fondness for the *Daily Mirror*-type paragraph. Unfortunately, in the second half of the book, he falls heavily into all the traps which beset writers on Spain. Everything becomes larger than life: black blacker, red redder, death more tragic, love more passionate; the castanets click faster, the guitars strum louder, and the people he met suddenly begin to talk like characters in a Lorca play translated by Hemingway. This is the never-never land of the Writer's Spain—a pleasant, exciting place in itself, but separated from reality by a thick barrier of literary conventions. Almost on the last page, however, Mr. Mortimer comes to his senses and utters a sharp note of scepticism. "And yet," he asks, "one ought to be a little cautious about drawing conclusions." An admirable sentiment, which we can greet with a heartfelt Hear, Hear—or, as Mr. Mortimer would put it, *olé, olé!*

PAUL JOHNSON

Week-end Competition

No. 1,344

Set by Hilbrian

The usual prizes are offered for a rhymed couplet for the collar of a celebrity's pet dog. Entries by December 6th.

Result of No. 1,341

Set by Buzfuz

A contemporary's Christmas competition calls for a short story beginning "When it comes to human nature, there's nobody to beat Henshaw. He has the humanest nature I ever met . . ." and ending "'It's not exactly what I meant,' said Henshaw." Competitors are invited to devise suitable beginnings and endings to short stories called for in competitions set in one of the following—*News of the World*, NEW STATESMAN, *Daily Mirror*, *Daily Worker*, *Health and Efficiency*, and *Tatler*.

Report

Competitors were torn between plausibility and satire. I enjoyed, the *Tatler* story that ended—

> "His punishment?" I said. "We decided he must always sit behind the Hon. Cecil Blythe-Smythe-Hythe when we're photographed on the stairs at the Hunt Ball"—

but I think it more likely that the *Tatler* would use a story that ended "All the same, it was definitely non-U" (Allan M. Laing). *News of the World* stories were mostly indistinguishable from *News of the World* news ("...It was all a result of intimacy"—R. Hemington); *Daily Worker* ones tended to start in the factory and end up in Red Square; the *Daily Mirrors* suggested the heart-throb of the under-dog; while from the NEW STATESMAN stories came a strong whiff of foreign parts—they were either set in China, or Leftest Africa, or were stuffed with words in French, German, Urdu, even Greek!

Prizes go to the entries asterisked below; each asterisk earns twelve-and-six. Honourable mention to all the others quoted, and to P. Holtby who produced a splendid *Tatler* beginning—

> How well I remember that desperate season; all last year's escorts in jail . . .

but with a disappointing end; and to Austin Baker for a good *News of the World* finale:

> . . . as the blood dripped off the bed I realised—Tania had been a man!

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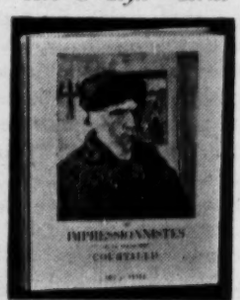

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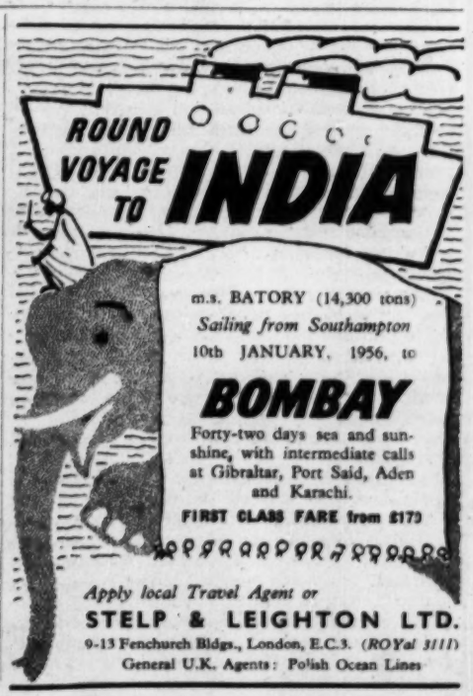
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NEWS OF THE WORLD

Once upon a crime . . .

. . . And so they all loved unhappily ever after. (Granville Garley)*.

The vicar shifted uneasily in the solicitor's well-upholstered chair . . .

. . . Thoughtfully he removed his collar from its attachment and turned it. (Vidley Carraday)*.

Disdainfully the Bishop descended the rickety steps to " Club Soho Femmes," his secretary, clutching note-book and hat, anxiously behind. A girl with a face like a wax angel . . .

. . . " Oh, Heaven can wait! " said the Bishop. (R. A. Peacock).

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

A toothbrush, one supposed—an air-cushion; and what books? Bradshaw, to remind one of slower days; the Bible (there would be time to read it all); at least one Amanda Ros and the *Golden Bough* . . .

. . . " Are we there? " I asked. " We were," said Dare. " We're back now." (Frank Baker)*.

Odd, at close quarters, is seldom comic. Take my Uncle Yule. I'd never seen him, only heard much. Then, last Christmas, out of a sheer foolhardy curiosity which I regret beyond any words I could ever utter . . .

. . . faster, by far, than life; and faster, I still hope, than death. (Frances Bellerby)*.

It had been a bad rice season at Bhoddullah. Old Ghopal had never known one like it . . .

. . . " and till then," laughed the *bhosh-wallah*, " we needn't beg from the Americans." (Hilary)*.

Jonnet doubted whether she and Harford should observe Christmas at all. They were not church-goers, disbelieved the Immaculate Conception, questioned the date and resented the expense. The children might be difficult, of course . . .

. . . " The Wine Supplement helped, too! " said Harford. (Jean Stubbs)*.

DAILY MIRROR

The Princess with eyes like stars gazed down from the Palace window . . . And the Archbishop lived unhappily ever after. (Pauline Phillips).

DAILY WORKER

(*Write a worthwhile Christmas Story for your child. Use our beginning and ending in order to keep your facts " left."*)

Five-year-old Tamara was puzzled by her mother's lack of interest in the school nativity play . . .

. . . " And so," said Mother sensibly, " the Winter Festival presents are really brought by a Snow Fairy and not by Father Christmas." (Gin-and-It).*

The morning after Harry received the cheque for £75,000 from Littlewood's, he took it on the day shift to show his gang . . .

. . . " I understand," said Harry bravely, barely disguising his tears, " the Fighting Fund—of course." (Vidley Carraday)*.

THE TATLER

Rolf Beauchamp, with the keen eye of a born rider, appraised the horse and then his glance slid over the trim figure in the saddle. " She's a thoroughbred," he muttered. . . .

. . . Petronella and Simon followed solemnly after, each clutching very tightly the end of the long veil of Brussels lace. (J. O. McBryde).*

The Hon. Rupert de Chambre looked immensely distinguished as he sipped the excellent club Napoleon: " My dear chap," he began, quietly, " this isn't a very pretty story . . ."

. . . " the fellow wasn't even in Debrett." (Philip Kershaw).

HEALTH AND EFFICIENCY

" —sixty " counted Maria, triumphantly matching her last trunk-bend to her age. She drained the Vita-salts, and " Here's to the glorious rhythm of life and a new day's blessed regularity!" she murmured, quietly crossing the passage . . .

. . . Life must go on. But not on and on. Maria pushed Grand-daddy's wheel-chair firmly over. (P. M.)*

City Lights

Time to Melt Pennies?

MOST people who have had plumbers recently in the house, and most investors who have an interest in mining shares, will be familiar with the steep rise that has taken place over the last 18 months in the price of copper: between last summer and this it rose by nearly £150 a ton to £400. The principal cause for this increase, as Sir Ernest Oppenheimer points out this week in the annual report of Rhokana Corporation, was a series of strikes in Chile, the U.S. and Northern Rhodesia, which reduced supplies at a time when demand was booming. Demand has continued strong ever since, and the immediate supply position has never been allowed to grow easy. Though copper fell back from its peak to £343 a ton at the beginning of October, it is now again around the £380 mark. It has not been below £293 since the beginning of the year.

The producers, obviously enough, have benefited. Strikes have cut their turnover and costs have risen quite sharply. But in the year to end-June, for example, production costs for Mufulira, the Rhodesian producer, averaged £133 a ton; the average selling price in this period was no less than £274. For Roan Antelope the figures were £142 and £271 a ton. These two companies belong to the Rhodesian Selection Trust group (as opposed to Rhokana, which belongs to the Rhodesian Anglo-American group), and it is the R.S.T. chairman who has been most active in drawing attention to the dangers of prosperity. World demand for copper is likely to rise steadily with the level of industrial activity. But supplies too are scheduled to rise considerably over the years ahead as new mines come into operation, and these will be comfortably absorbed only if copper can hold its present market. For many uses, however, there are actual or potential substitutes for copper—mainly aluminium and plastics—and these are in comparatively regular supply at comparatively stable prices. The interruptions caused to copper supplies by strikes, the wild fluctuations in market prices, the high level of these prices and the variety of prices in existence have all accelerated the substitution movement; and companies like R.S.T., with large development plans due to mature in the future, are more concerned with the long- than the short-term outlook for copper prices.

Last May, therefore, R.S.T. decided to sell its output on the basis of a price announced from time to time and fixed for some time ahead, rather than on the basis of the current London Metal Exchange quotation. The decision aroused a good deal of comment. Critics suggested that it would merely add one more copper price to the large number already existing, and that by diverting supplies from the Metal Exchange it would accentuate fluctuations in the market price. Shareholders in the R.S.T. group, in particular, were not pleased to find their company voluntarily deciding to take a smaller profit than its rivals. Mr. Prain's point of view, however, is quite clear, and he has set it out again in the reports of Roan and Mufulira. Many new mines are coming into production shortly, and the Rhodesian copperbelt contains about one-quarter of the world's published ore reserves: it is essential that these supplies should be absorbed and that the world demand should not be permanently damaged by fortuitous changes in the market price. He points out that his decision was taken at the request of the U.K. copper fabricators and that the fixed-price quotation is the method by which most of the world's copper is actually sold. Stable raw material prices are, of course, a benefit to everybody concerned; and R.S.T.'s capacity for enlightened long-term self-interest has already been demonstrated in the part it played in persuading European mineworkers to allow a little scope for African advancement. At present, the prospect for copper producers seems pretty good. In a few years' time, Mr. Prain may very well seem to have been wise.

The national savings figures have been disappointing for some time now. They include sales of defence bonds and savings certificates, and changes in deposits with the Post Office and the trustee savings banks; and although experience shows that they are not much use as a guide to personal savings in the national accounting sense, the very fact that they are published every week gives them a particular interest. Since the summer they have been definitely bad, with withdrawals heavier and repayments smaller than they were a year ago. Last week, however, the surplus of new savings jumped suddenly from £327,000 to £6m.—a result due to the inclusion of the first full week's receipts from the new (and attractive) issue of 4 per cent. defence bonds. To a large extent, this improvement will be a once-for-all matter. And defence bonds, though important in the small savings total, are only an alternative to gilt-edged securities or building society deposits. Sales help the exchequer, but they do not usually represent new saving.

National savings are only a small part of total personal savings, which are now made largely in the form of life assurance premiums and mortgage repayments. But the falling-off apparent in the part may well be apparent in the whole when the next national income white paper is published. When all prices except those of securities are rising and it becomes difficult to maintain an established level of consumption, saving suffers. It is possible however that this year, for the first time, hire-purchase repayments may play an important part in damping-down change. In the national income statistics, too, sales are set down as consumers' expenditure, even if they are hire-purchase sales only partly paid for. When hire-purchase is on the increase, the effect is to exaggerate the size of consumers' expenditure and to depress the residual figure for personal savings (as happened last year). When incomes are used for paying off past hire-purchase debts rather than for new deposits, the savings figure is correspondingly increased.

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The Chess Board

No. 321 The Squeeze

Far be it from me to annoy my bank manager by touching as corny a subject as the credit squeeze. Yet, it may well be argued that, just as unhampered credit is supposed to be the life-blood of trade, just so unhampered movement is the life-blood of a game of chess. To see it gradually being sucked out right up (or down) to the point of *rigor mortis*, is truly an awesome spectacle; the most celebrated case in point being a game which Nimzowitsch dubbed his "Immortal *Zugzwang* Game." Here it is, a grim warning to all of us who are liable to getting ourselves "blockaded".

(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(14) P-KR3	Q-Q2
(2) P-QB4	P-K3	(15) K-R2	Kt-R4
(3) Kt-KB3	P-QKt3	(16) B-Q2	P-B4!
(4) P-KKt3	B-Kt2	(17) Q-Q1	P-Kt5!
(5) B-Kt2	B-K2	(18) Kt-Kt1	B-QKt4
(6) Kt-B3	O-O	(19) R-Kt1	B-Q3
(7) O-O	P-Q4	(20) P-K4	BP x P!
(8) Kt-K5	P-QB3	(21) Q x Kt	R x P
(9) P x P	BP x P	(22) Q-Kt5	QR-KB1
(10) B-KB4	P-QR3!	(23) K-R1	R(1)-B4
(11) R-B1	P-QKt4	(24) Q-K3	B-Q6
(12) Q-Kt3	Kt-B3	(25) QR-K1	P-R3!!
(13) Kt x Kt	B x Kt	(26) resigns	

Probably the most "quiet" move ever to cause resignation, but obviously there was now nothing that White could do except "throw himself upon his sword," This happened at Copenhagen in 1923, and no one could blame Nimzowitsch for having been particularly proud of that game. Seven years later (at San Remo), the same agony of suffocation was inflicted on him by Alekhine, then at the zenith of his career.

(1) P-K4	P-K3	(16) Kt x B	Q x Kt
(2) P-Q4	P-Q4	(17) P-R6!	Q-KB2
(3) Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(18) B-Kt5	Kt(1)-K2
(4) P-K5	P-QB4	(19) O-O	P-R3
(5) B-Q2	Kt-K2	(20) KR-B1	KR-B1
(6) Kt-Kt5	B x B ch	(21) R-B2	Q-K1
(7) Q x B	O-O	(22) QR-QB1	QR-Kt1
(8) P-QB3	P-QKt3?	(23) Q-K3!	R-B2
(9) P-KB4	B-R3	(24) R-B3	Q-Q2
(10) Kt-B3	Q-Q2	(25) R(1)-B2	K-B1
(11) P-QR4!	QKt-B3	(26) Q-B1	R(1)-B1
(12) P-QKt4	P x KtP	(27) B-R4	P-QKt4 (forced)
(13) P x P	B-Kt2?	(28) B x P	K-K1
(14) Kt-Q6	P-B4? (P-QR4!)	(29) B-R4	K-Q1
(15) P-R5!	Kt-B1	(30) P-R4!	resigns

Black's P-moves will soon be exhausted, and then he must lose a piece.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White played P-Q4. How was he punished by a pretty mate in 2? **B**—White to win—should be not too difficult for 6 ladder-points, but **C** may well be worth 7 points. It is a 3-mover which will please our much neglected problem-addicts, and I owe it to the courtesy of that erudite problemist Dr. C. d'Acosta Andrade.

A: Blackburne 1871

B: V. A. Bron 1927

C: H. F. Meyer 1890

Usual prizes. Entries by December 5.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 318. Set November 5

A: (1) R x P ch, K-Kt1. (2) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1. (3) R-R7 ch, K-Kt1. (4) Q x KP ch, etc.

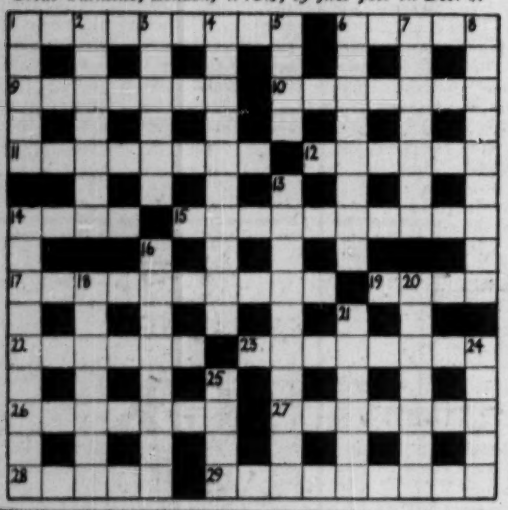
B: (1) B-Kt7 ch, R-B3. (2) B-B7 ch, K-Q4. (3) Q-Q6 ch, K-K5. (4) P-Kt4, B x B. (5) R-K3 ch, P x R. (6) Q-K6 ch, B-K4 ch. (7) P-Q4, P x P e.p. mate.
if (4) . . . B-R2. (5) Q-K7 ch, K-Q4. (6) Q-B7 ch, K-K5. (7) Q x P ch, B-Q5 mate.

C: (1) Kt-B4, K-B6. (2) K-Q1, K-Kt6. (3) Kt-Q3, K-B6. (4) Kt-B1, K-Kt7. (5) Kt-R2, K-Kt8. (6) Kt-Kt4, K-Kt7. (7) Kt-Q5, K-Kt6. (8) Kt-B7, K-B6. (9) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-B5. (10) Kt-Q6 ch, K-B6. (11) Kt-K4 ch, K-Kt7. (12) Kt-B5, K-B6. (13) K-K1, K-B7. (14) Kt-Q3, K-B6. (15) K-B1, K-Q7. (16) Kt-B4, K-Q8. (17) K-Kt2, K-Q7. (18) K-B3, K-B6. (19) K-K4, K-B5. (20) Kt-Q5. etc.
if (17) . . . K-K8. (18) K-B3, K-Q7. (19) K-K4, K-B6. (20) K-Q5 etc.

Not an easy lot. Prizes shared by D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, M. Kaye, A. J. Roycroft. Ladder-report "squeezed" out till next week. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 180

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 180, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Dec. 6.



ACROSS

1. Separate range for game (9).
6. Flower for an actress (5).
9. Round a building (7).
10. Doctor with a swelling on (7).
11. Enthral by an appearance on the stage? (8).
12. If the Greek city has a reverse it is about time to prepare for war (6).
14. A resort the reverse of what the English call it (4).
15. "Wine and women, which have —— and besotted myriads of people" (Burton) (10).
17. The fur for a cold in an Eastern country (10).
19. Work that is for an artist (4).
22. Man in his ignorance (6).
23. Baseness in coin for a philosopher (8).
26. "A frame of ——, a soul of fire" (Johnson) (7).
27. Remarked that it was not like a Christmas cake (7).
28. They hold water after six for telly fans (5).
29. Ship a film producer back having the ingredients of a story (9).

DOWN

1. School of its own nature (5).
2. Turned to tread differently (7).
3. The payment required may be learnt differently (6).
4. Get your sword ready and preserve the knight for Fielding (10).
5. Such language would be a setback under a parson (4).
6. Be in the counter queue, so it sounds, for a feast (8).
7. Smashing at cover, give a showy performance (7).
8. Abuse a male title? (9).
13. Gads about with four among the gay young men (10).
14. Behind the scenes the players follow English closely (9).
16. Performers steal an article in their performances (8).
18. Tearing in pieces one who is unappreciative (7).
20. A cut in wages makes one nervous (7).
21. Bird remodelling corset! (6).
24. Creature which increases but does not multiply? (5).
25. Means of putting one's shirt on horses (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 178

C	O	X	C	O	M	B	S		E	M	P	S	O	N
O		A		U		A			O		I		O	
T	U	N	S	T	A	L	L		H	A	G	G	I	S
T		A		E		L		D		M		N		E
O	R	D	E	R		P	R	E	S	S	G	A	N	G
N		U		M		O		P			L		A	
		H	O	R	I	Z	O	N	T	A	L	L	Y	
C		G		S		N		S		O		Y		S
H	E	A	R	T	S	T	R	I	N	G	S			
A		I			P	T		L		L		R		
P	O	N	D	E	R	E	V	O		I	N	A	N	E
E		S		P		N		R		A		M		D
R	E	A	S	O	N		D	I	E	T	R	I	C	H
O		I		D			E		T		N		O	
N	O	D	D	E	D		A	S	P	I	R	A	N	T

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 178

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UGANDA Protectorate. A vacancy exists for an Economic Adviser. This officer will be a member of the staff of the Minister of Finance and will be required to act as Secretary to the Development Council and generally to supervise economic research and provide economic advice to the Finance Ministry and other branches of the Government. Candidates must be academically qualified and thoroughly experienced economists. Experience in responsible administrative positions desirable. The salary of the appointment is £2,200 (fixed). In addition to the salary a variable cost of living allowance is payable the rate of which is at present approximately 10% of salary subject to a maximum allowance of £162 a year. The appointment may be held: (a) On two years probation to the permanent and pensionable establishment. (b) On contract for a period of 3-5 years with a gratuity of 13½% of salary (excluding allowances). (c) On F.S.S.U. terms for period of 3-5 years if the applicant is already a member of the system. Government quarters are provided when available at a moderate rental. Free passages are granted on first appointment and on leave for the officer, his wife and children up to the cost of four adult passages in all. Liberal home leave is allowed on full salary. Apply in writing to the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, giving briefly age, qualifications and experience. Mention the reference number EAF 514/527/01.

AUSTRALIA—University of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Mathematics. The Lecturer appointed will be required principally to conduct courses for external (correspondence) students for the B.A. degree. Commencing salary will be within the range £A1,200-£A1,750 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A80. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to take up duties as soon as can be arranged after the date of appointment. Finance is available for home purchase under the Staff Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London is December 12, 1955.

AUSTRALIA—University of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Classics. The Lecturer appointed will be required to give lectures in Latin and Greek for internal students and to conduct courses for external (correspondence) students for the B.A. degree. He will also be encouraged to engage in research. Commencing salary will be within the range £A1,200-£A1,750 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A80. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to take up duties as soon as can be arranged after the date of appointment. Finance is available for home purchase under the Staff Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is December 12, 1955.

CITY of Portsmouth Training College. Appointment of Principal. Applications are invited for appointment of Principal as from September 1956. There are at present about 200 women students in this College and also a number of men and women taking One Year and Supplementary Courses. The salary scale for men £1,325 × £50 × £1,625; for women £1,200 × £50 × £1,500 plus equal pay increments. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom completed forms should be returned by Saturday, December 31, 1955. E. G. Barnard, Chief Education Officer, 1, Western Parade, Portsmouth.

ACCOUNTANT required. The Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd., requires a qualified Accountant to be responsible for the accounts of its Meat Department, which operates nationally with headquarters in London. The candidate will be responsible to the Departmental Manager for the functional control and direction of all clerical staff at depots and in area offices, and directly for the administration of the clerical staff at London Headquarters, where there is a punched card installation. Duties would embrace the integration of the accounting and costing arrangements of the sales and productive units of the Department and the preparation of control statistics for Management. Applications are invited from candidates aged 30-45 years; will be treated in strictest confidence and should be made to the Secretary and Executive Officer, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester, 4, stating salary required.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1955, but early application is advised. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The Scientific posts cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in palaeobotany, and recent and pleistocene mammals. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1955 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: (men) £1,070 £1,245; (women) £933-£1,137. Scientific Officers: (men) £513-£925; (women) £513-£835. Women's scales subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington St., W.1, quoting No. S.53/55 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/55 for Scientific Officers.

CENTRAL Electricity Authority require two Assistant Tutors at the Authority's residential training establishments, Horsley Towers, nr. Guildford, Surrey, and Electricity Hall, Buxton, Derby. These centres provide short courses in industrial relations, foremanship, management and technical subjects for employees of the Electricity Supply Industry. Applicants should have had experience of contemporary techniques in industrial training including group discussion, projects, case studies and syndicate working. They should preferably be qualified engineers or alternatively have educational qualifications in economics, sociology or related subjects. The posts are superannuable. Salaries: Horsley Towers, Grade 8 N.J.C., £960 × £30 to £1,080. Electricity Hall, Buxton, Grade 7 N.J.C. £870 × £30—£960 p.a. Applicants should state for which post they are applying. Residential accommodation, for which a charge will be made, may be available at the training centres. Applications stating age, present position and salary and giving full details of qualifications and experience should be forwarded to D. Moffat, Director of Establishments, Winsley Street, London, W.1, by December 10, 1955. Quote Ref.: AE/697.

WEST Riding County Council. The West Riding Education Committee invite applications for the post of Organiser of their School Museum Service. Applicants (men or women) should be graduates with experience of teaching and/or the administration of visual aids or museum loan services. This post offers unusual opportunities for a person of wide interests to advise teachers, in schools and at courses, on the use of teaching materials of all kinds, and to extend a loan service which has grown steadily since its inception in 1949. The appointment will be pensionable. Salary scale for men £775 × £25—£915 and for women £705 × £20—£815 per annum plus equal pay increment. In fixing the commencing salary allowance may be made for previous experience and/or outstanding qualifications. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained—on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope—from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield, to whom completed forms should be returned not later than fourteen days after the appearance of this advertisement.

ADMINISTRATIVE Assistant required for University of Durham Appointments Board office to begin duties as soon as possible. University education and knowledge of University administration could be useful assets but secretarial qualifications and experience in a busy office of a complex organisation would carry more weight. Salary in the range £500 to £800. Requests for further particulars to the Appointments Officer, King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne, by December 10.

THE London County Council invites applications from holders of the Certificate of the Institute of Hospital Almoners or Social Science Certificate of a recognised School of Sociology who have practical experience in social work for appointment as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser at Greenwich Chest Clinic, Maze Hill, S.E.10. Salary scale £540 (at 24 years of age or with three years' approved experience) rising to £675. Duties include medico-social and secretarial work arising from the activities of the Local Tuberculosis Care Committee. Further particulars and form of application obtainable from the Divisional Medical Officer, St. Paul's House, Deptford High Street, S.E.8, returnable by December 19. (1942.)

ANIMAL Welfare Society has vacancy for well-educated intelligent young man or woman. Ability to speak and write essential. Preference university graduate. Starting sal. £500-£600. Good prospects. Box 1087.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects, (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). There are at present no vacancies for meteorologists. Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1955; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1955. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates aged 31 or over with specialised experience for Experimental Officer posts may be admitted. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): Experimental Officer £790—£960 (men); £693—£848 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer £320 (at age 18) to £700 (men); £614 (women). Starting pay up to £575 (men) or £537 (women) at 26. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Women's scales subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/55. Completed applications should be returned as soon as possible, and in any case not later than December 31, 1955.

STAFFORDSHIRE County Council Education Committee. Applications are invited from instrumentalists qualified to teach violin, viola and 'cello. Successful applicants will be required to teach small classes at a number of schools. There will also be opportunities for solo, chamber music and orchestral playing. Applications (enclosing stamped add. env.) should be sent to Director (Music), County Education Offices, Stafford.

WANTED, 3 organisers for Midlands, South Wales and London. Posts superannuable—good prospects. Applications should be in applicant's own handwriting. Full details of previous occupations, also age, should be supplied. To General Secretary, National Union of Public Employees, Civic House, Aberdeen Terrace, London, S.E.3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires General Programme Producer in Glasgow to produce various types of programmes for Scottish Home Service and contributions to other Sound Broadcasting Services. Qualifications: good education, some production experience, ability to edit scripts and select and rehearse artists, knowledge of Scotland. Musical knowledge an advantage. Salary £725 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £960 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1370 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

APPLICATIONS are invited from British subjects and citizens of the Federation of Malaya for the post of Malayan Trade Representative in Indonesia. Candidates should be over 35 years of age and should have had extensive and recent business experience in Malaya or Indonesia in a senior capacity. It would be an advantage if Dutch and Malay were spoken. Appointment will be for a minimum initial period of three years with prospects of extension. The Trade Representative will be required to represent and promote the commercial and economic interests of Singapore and the Federation of Malaya in Indonesia. Salary of the post will be 1,520 dollars per mensem plus allowances of 1,280 dollars for a single officer and 1,680 dollars for a married officer. Furnished accommodation at Djakarta and an official car will be provided. Application forms and full particulars of the post including terms of reference, leave arrangements, etc., may be obtained from the Commissioner for Malaya, Malaya House, London, W.C.2. Applications should be lodged with the Commissioner for Malaya, London. The closing date for the receipt of applications is December 1, 1955.

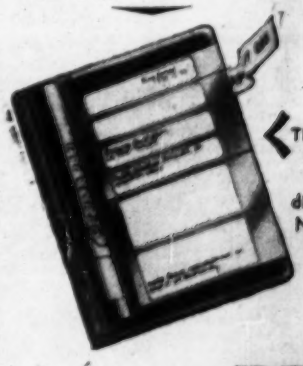
CHILD Welfare Officers (C. of E.) increase in establishment for 2 women. Social Science Diploma or Home Office Cert. Child Care; current driving licence essential; trav. exps. and subs. Salary A.P.T. £500—£580 p.a., plus London Weighting. Superannuation. Supervision of boarded-out children aged 0-15 and After-Care girls 15 plus. Headquarters London. Apply in writing before December 9, stating age, qualifications, experience, enclosing copies of testimonials and names two referees to Sec., Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Sq., W.C.1.

MID-HERTS Group Hospital Management Committee. Hertfordshire Child Guidance Service. Experienced Psychiatric Social Worker required for St. Albans and one of the Branches. Applications to Medical Director, Child Guidance Clinic, Hill End Hospital, St. Albans.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT cont'd. on p. 730

Forgotten that appointment?

or just too busy to remember . . . ?



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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EAST Suffolk County Education Committee. Youth Club Leader required in January for a mixed club at Woodbridge (three evenings) and the nearby, established, village clubs at Hollesley (one evening) and Campsea Ashe (one evening). Candidates must be of good educational standard and have had previous experience of mixed club work. Preference will be given to trained leaders. Salary scale for qualified leaders—Burnham Scale for Assistant Teachers, plus allowances for graduates. Applications, with copies of two recent testimonials, should be sent to the Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Rope Walk, Ipswich, within three weeks of the appearance of this advertisement. Forms of application may be obtained on request.

DRAUGHTSMEN, £760 per annum minimum commencing salary plus overtime average £850 per annum and pension scheme for electro-mechanical draughtsmen on interesting development work. Please write Personnel Manager, Vactric, Ltd., Electric Motor Division, 19 Brunel Road, East Acton, W.3.

DIGITAL Computers. Decca Radar invites applications for appointments in their Computer Bureau shortly to be opened in London. Qualified mathematicians with experience in the digital computer field are required to fill executive and senior posts. Junior appointments are also available for qualified mathematicians wishing to enter the field. Good opportunities exist for suitable applicants prepared to make energetic and enthusiastic contributions to the initiation and successful development of this interesting project. Applications, which will be treated in strict confidence, giving details of past experience and qualifications and stating salary required should be sent to Ref. CB/1, Decca Radar, Ltd., 1/3 Brixton Road, S.W.9.

BERKSHIRE Mental Hospitals Management Committee. Social Worker, qualified or with experience in Case Work, required for Borocourt Hospital, near Reading, and Associated Hospitals for Mental Defectives, including Smith Hospital, Henley, for retarded and disturbed children. The successful candidate will assist the Psychiatric Social Worker inside and outside the Hospitals. There is a wide range of work and excellent opportunities for extending case work and psychiatric experience. Applications from Trainee Social Workers will be considered. Salary £395×£15—£530 per annum, and conditions of service in accordance with the appropriate Whitley Council for the Health Services. (For persons under 27 years of age at the date of appointment the minimum of the salary scale will be abated by one increment for each year below that age at that date). Applications, stating age, experience and qualifications, with the names and addresses of two referees, to be forwarded to the Group Secretary, Fair Mile Hospital, Near Wallingford, Berkshire, not later than November 30, 1955.

BEDFORDSHIRE County Council. Applications are invited for the post of Supervisor at Leagrave Hall Girls' Remand Home. Applicants should have had experience of residential work particularly with adolescent girls. Salary scale £440×£15—£500, less £108 for board and lodging. Apply immediately to Children's Officer, 3 St. Peter's Street, Bedford.

CITY of Birmingham. Museum & Art Gallery. Training Scheme. A vacancy exists for two year's training in the Department of Natural History. Applications invited from university graduates, men or women, age 21 to 30, salary £420-£485. For particulars and application form apply to Trenchard Cox, C.B.E., M.A., F.M.A., F.S.A., Director, Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham, 3. Applications must be returned by Monday, December 12, 1955.

NETHERNE Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Lady Occupational Therapist required for large active department of 13 Therapists. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with P.T.A. Whitley Council recommendations. Applications together with names of two referees to the Physician Superintendent.

TRANSLATORS (Part-time) into French required. French must be the applicants' mother tongue, good general knowledge, wide vocabulary and ability to work accurately at high speed essential; journalistic or literary experience desirable. Write, giving date of birth, education, full details of qualifications and experience of posts held (including dates), to BY.40, London Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6, Tavistock Sq., W.C.1, by Dec. 9, 1955. No original testimonials should be sent. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

ASSOCIATION of Country Clubs (National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs) require Field Officer, man or woman, for club development in England. Considerable travelling involved, car provided. To work from London office. Experience of Youth Club work essential. Salary according to age, experience and quals. Application forms and further information from Employment Officer, N.A.M.C. & G.C., 30-32 Devonshire St., London, W.1.

MALADJUSTED Children. Young man required to help with out of School activities in small residential co-ed school. Stable personality essential. Valuable experience for a young man entering social work. £252 p.a. plus board, lodging and laundry. Five weeks holiday. Apply W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

RESEARCH Psychologist. Applications are invited for the post of Research worker for a period of one year to investigate children of mental defectives. Applicants should be qualified Psychologists, preferably with experience of social work. Salary according to Whitley Scale. Write to Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, S.W.17, with details of age, experience and qualifics.

WEST Riding County Council. Grantley Hall Adult College. Deputy Warden. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the post of Deputy Warden at the Authority's residential Adult College at Grantley Hall, near Ripon. The College holds courses on a wide variety of subjects, and the Deputy Warden will act for the Warden as required and will be required to lecture, lead discussion groups, and play a prominent part in the activities of the College. He/she should be well qualified academically and have a keen interest in adult education. The vacancy occurs because of the appointment of the present holder of the post as Warden of a new Adult College. Salary in accordance with the Burnham scale plus full board and most attractive furnished rooms in the College. Further information and forms of applic. from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield. Completed forms should be returned two weeks after appearance of this advertisement.

LEADING pharmaceutical manufacturers require an additional Writer (male) in their London office, able to prepare copy and advertising campaigns directed to the veterinary, medical and allied professions in this country and overseas. Applicants should enjoy clear English prose and be able to write it to order; should have read widely to satisfy an omnivorous curiosity; should be able to put broad principles into practice in sometimes tedious detail; and should enjoy solving a continually changing diversity of problems. Agency experience or a knowledge of medicine or pharmacy is not necessarily an advantage. Applicants should have completed their period of National Service and probably should possess a University degree. Apply, giving age and full details of educational background and previous exp., if any, to Box 1366.

LARGE London Advertising Agency requires Marketing and Market Research Executive aged about 30. Agency experience in the consumer goods field will be an asset and a degree in Economics and/or statistics is desirable but not essential. Please apply with full details to Box 1173.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, Surrey. Progressive co-educational, needs resident, versatile Science Teacher, in January, or as soon thereafter as possible, with educational ideas beyond mere exam. passing. Small groups of keen children. Less than Burnham, but to the right teacher much more satisfying work. Write fully, giving other interests and skills, to the Principal.

MILFORD Chest Hospital, Godalming, Surrey. Student Nurses (male or female) required for two years' training for the State Preliminary Examination and Certificate of British Tuberculosis Association. Training grant £245 first year and £255 second year, less £113 for full board residence. Uniform provided. Bonus of £60 payable at the expiration of two years' B.T.A. training. Hospital transport connects with rail and bus services. Apply: The Matron.

EDINBURGH Weavers requires keen young Representative, able to interest discriminating Retailers, Contractors, Architects, etc., in best quality Contemporary Furnishing Fabrics. Based on London. Car provided. Salary and Commission. Apply by letter. 15/19 Cavendish Place, W.1.

INTERESTING position available for commencement not later than New Year. Well-known smelters abroad want intelligent young man (24-28 yrs.) as Assistant for the London Branch Manager. Send full partics. & details prev. exper. immediately Box 1413.

WANTED, Part-time Assistant (man or woman) urgently needed. Post would include club work on two evenings in South-west Herts area, and/or secretarial work during the day. Salary according to experience and time available. Two to three days work anticipated. Apply to: The Chairman, Rev. W. K. Blackburn, The Vicarage, Radlett, Herts, or 30, Devonshire St., London, W.1.

A REFECTORY Supervisor is needed for work in University terms only, 33 weeks in the year. A responsible, intelligent woman who can manage male and female staff but is not necessarily professionally trained or experienced in large-scale catering would be considered for this appointment. She will be required to supervise the cafeteria service and the clearing up and cleaning of the premises after the last service has ended. Hours of duty 12.30 to 9.30 p.m., five-day week. Salary £8 weekly plus six weeks holiday pay during the year. Meals and overalls on duty provided. Write or telephone for appointment to Mrs. Ellis, Steward of the Refectory, London School of Economics, Houghton Street, London, W.C.2.

MATRON required for girls' house, Bedales School, Petersfield, Hants. (co-educational), for January or April next. Responsible and interesting post. Nursing qualifications not essential, school experience very desirable. Apply within a week, with testimonials, to Headmaster, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

MARKET Research. Man or woman reqd. by newly formed organisation for analysing results of surveys. The work is varied and calls for an intelligent understanding of figures, rather than experience in this field. Training salary £350-£400 p.a. Box 1419.

TRAVEL Service has two interesting vacancies in London office: one for intelligent, adaptable assistant with good shorthand-typing in English and pref. also in German; another for accountant—Continental travel experience an advantage. Hand-written applications, please, to Box 1425.

CALDECOTT Community. Wanted Assistant Matron to take charge of group of girls aged 11-17 years. Must be interested in the problems of maladjusted and deprived children. C.T.C. preferred. Apply Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

BEDFORDSHIRE County Council. Assistant Warden required for Working Girls Hostel in this County. Accommodation for 12 working girls. The Hostel is a pleasant house situated in its own grounds near to Bedford. Candidates should have had some experience of residential work with adolescent girls. Apply immediately to Children's Officer, 3 St. Peter's Street, Bedford, stating age, name, previous experience, present employment together with the names of two referees. Salary scale £320×£15 to £365, less £108 for board and lodging.

ASSISTANT Librarian required for Professional Society in Westminster. Salary according to age and experience, but within the scale £260×24—£500. 5-day week. Staff canteen. Pension scheme. Box 1398.

LONDON Publisher has vacancy for editorial and publicity work. Good propects for young woman with publishing or journalistic experience. Apply with full details to Box 1435.

SECRETARY to Editor of magazine, good speeds essential, salary £8 10s. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. WEL. 4559.

SECRETARY'S Post vacant, Kent Rural Music School. Shorthand-typist, full-time, non-residential. Book-keeping & duplictng. Interesting work & responsible post, single-handed. Exp. of similar work essen. Good sal. Apply with refs. & testimonials, to Director, Oakwood House, Maidstone.

SECRETARY reqd. by General Secretary, Town & Country Planning Assn., extremely interesting, pleasant job for young woman with intelligence, energy, initiative. Salary not less than £400 to start. Write briefly or 'phone, interview, Gen. Sec., T.C.P.A., 28 King St., W.C.2 (TEM. 5006).

SHORTHAND/typist/secretary urgently required. £7 10s. weekly. Also office assistant, full or part-time. Salary according to hours and experience. Apply, stating qualifications and exp., to Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

SHORTHAND-typist for general office. Apply Socialist Medical Association, 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

PT.-TIME secretarial work. Prof. firm, S.W.1, shs. pt.-time services (copy-typg./clerical, suit marr. wom. wishing work 4/5 morns./afternoons p.w. VIC. 4992.

PART-time shorthand typist/sec. reqd. for Westminster 3 mornings p.w. Must have accurate memory. 4s. an hour. Box 1309.

NOT so young and even undeniably elderly applicants (m. & f.) nevertheless do find work through the Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

MRS. Herbert Lom requires nanny-housekeeper for boy aged 6 in Wimbledon house with garden. Applications in writing (details of training, references and photograph) to 3 Alan Road, S.W.19.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

F.L.A., excellent refs., considerable admin. exp., seeks change from Public Library work. London or 50 miles South. Box 1150.

HISTORY Ph.D. (Yale), 33, successfully teaching, writing, large university eastern U.S., for family reasons wishes reside permanently England, seeks academic or suitable non-academic position. Intimate knowledge England/Europe. Box 987.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/sisorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

LADY 40's (widow), attractive, intell. personality, desperately in need of well-paid position. Fashion, managing high-class cafe-coffee bar. Any suggestions. Box 1326.

MIDLANDS lecturing, organising for social or Christian society by single man, 44, driver. Box 1263.

WIDOW after 11 months marriage shs. pt./time job, journalist, travelled, musical, &/or caretake flat w/ends. Singer. Shorthand, own typewriter. London. Box 1176.

THE Irene Foster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TERminus 8566. (Conducted by former Headmistress.) Employment in schools, institutions, associations. Administrative, secretarial, teaching, household, etc. Posts vacant and wanted. Also lecture and concert agent for clubs, colleges, schools.

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RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126. Book now for Xmas.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accommodation in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

IDEAL for late Autumn holidays. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers good food, comf., warmth, delightful surroundings.

CONVALESCENCE or Rest? Winter Holiday? A small quiet hotel for friendly people in "Britain's Best Climate." All desiring warmth & comfort will enjoy Normanhurst. Rec. by rdrs. Inexpensive twin-bedded rms. 4½-7*gns.*, incl. full board, early tea, gratuities, htd. bedrm. (cen. htg. throughout). Bkfst. in bed (nominal charge). Vegetarian if desired. Illus. brochures. Facing Sth., opp. covrd. walk. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front Gdns., Putting Green, Garages, Superlative food. 7½*gns.* wkly. Xmas 9½*gns.*

SOUTH Devon—booking now for Xmas. Terms 25s. per day. Children welc. at special prices. Write or 'phone, Tower Guest House, Kingsteignton. Newton Abbot 441.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorpe, nr. East Grinstead. Week-ends in the country; an easy train journey. Comfort, good food, club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

THE Vegetarian Restaurant, 12 Earls Court Road, W.8, is open evenings 6-9 p.m. (Mon.-Fri.). Hot savouries, excellent sweets, fresh salads attractively served at low prices. Lunches 12-2.15 p.m. Yogis, Aesthetes, Existentialists, Lowbrows, Polite Cannibals and New Statesman Readers are invited to indulge. Buses 9, 73, 27, 28, 31, 49.

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FOR genuine Spanish Guitars and tuition apply Central School of Dance Music, 15 West St., W.C.2. TEM. 3373-4.

SHIRT Repairs. Moderate charges, work of highest standard. Post shirt(s) for free estimate or send for full price list to Joanna, Dept. 32, 26 Southbourne Grove, W. Southbourne, Bournemouth, Hants.

CONTACT Lenses. The London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Booklet sent.

TAPE Recorders 15% deposit. All makes. Free H.P. Free Insnce. Dept. J, Howard Photographic, 525 Croydon Rd., Beckenham.

TECHNICAL Research Service. Scientific, Literary Consultants. Specialists research recondite subjects. Dutton's Sec. Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Tel. MUS. 7379.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 732

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

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PERSIAN & Arabic tuition by correspondence. All grades. Box 1340.

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LONDON University and other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), Inter. & Final Exams. for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Soc., LL.B., and Diplomas, G.C.E. (all Levels, all other Examining Bodies), Law. Prosp. from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for G.C.E., Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochure 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

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INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others, 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8902).

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SHORTHAND-typing courses, mornings, beg. Jan. 1956. N.-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5. GUL. 1154.

JUDO. Ju-Jitsu. 2 mins. Hammersmith Tube. Courses for beginners under Percy Sekine 4th dan. Enqs., pers. callers welc. Judokan London, Latymer Ct., Hammersmith Rd., W.6. RIV. 1282, SLO. 8444.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginrs. crse., all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 36 Cranbourn Street, W.C.2. COV. 0754.

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

PERSONAL

REGULAR Holiday Foster Home, preferably in the Home Counties, urgently required for two brothers, aged 11 and 13, who during term-time are pupils in a boarding school. The boys are without parents and are greatly in need of an understanding, sympathetic couple, who would be prepared to take a parental interest in their welfare and progress and give them a happy, active holiday period. Reply as fully as possible to the Children's Officer, County Council of East Ham, 36 Barking Road, East Ham, E.6.

ORDINARY Writing at 110-120 words per min. All langs. Test lesson 2½d. Dutton Speedwords NS 92/3 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

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THE complete contents of a modern house or flat required, cash transaction. Phone BAY. 7224.

A FILM Show at your children's party. From 2gns. for 45 mins. FIN. 2857.

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PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

FOR the best Christmas Cards come to Caravel Press, Moxon St., London, W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

THE progressive ideas of youth tempered by the sagacity of experience and the perspective of intellectual maturity offered by Director (58) controlling two companies (wholesale, retail), silverware, giftware, etc., seeking liquidate interests existing businesses & more relaxed occupation less strain. Extensive knowledge American consumer demand, British sources supply. Personal interests music, literature, arts, travel, life. Appreciate offer business appointment executive capacity succeeding disposal present businesses planned near future. Box 1287.

HILLMAN Minx, 1947, perf. cond. Grey, sliding roof, radio. Reconed. engine 8,000 mls. New tyres. Compl. overhauled, all worn parts renewed; £300. Box 1229.

WRITERS and Artists whose works have been permanently or frequently rejected are requested to communicate with me and give relevant details about their work. It is contemplated to establish an organisation in order to publish valuable rejected MSS. and exhibit valuable paintings and sculptures of rejected artists. Box 1194.

BECHSTEIN Upright Piano for sale, perfect condition. £75. Rankin, Eltham 1761.

CHRISTMAS in a Home. Gentlewoman would welcome one or two lonely people. Cosy house Cornish Riviera. Any duration. Moderate. Tudy's Close, Rose Hill, Fowey.

HAPPY seaside home offered to children in Kent health resort. Pers. care. Any period. Gd. schools nr. 3½gns. wk. Children from abroad welc. Helen Rainsford, 35 Westgate Bay Ave. Westgate-on-Sea. Thanet 31423.

WOMAN doctor offers 2 seats Prefect Saloon London-Marseilles, leaving December 21 Air Ferry. Share costs. Box 1428.

THE Ascent of Everest. Have you seen the Film? See Entertainments Column.

WATFORD District. Would you like to consider joining an informal group for discussions, play readings, etc.? If so, please write to John Sawyer, Oxhey Warren, Green Lane, Oxhey, for details.

MOBILE recording unit. Schools, choirs, plays, concerts, meetings. Prof. equip. only. Tape/discs, L.P. Homecord. HAM. 1466.

CONSTRUCTIVE criticism by exp. publisher's reader/author. Mod. terms. The Wessex Bureau, Mill Farm, Kelston, Bath.

YOUNGISH bachelor offers another hospitality Christmas period. Nr. S. Coast. Some rambling. Box 1207.

GENTLE readers who love quiet but accessible places should visit our showroom. Prints, pottery, original gifts. Two minutes Piccadilly. The Lawson Gallery, 3 Royal Opera Arcade, Pall Mall East, S.W.1.

EXCITING and Original Christmas Gifts for men only at Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh St., Foubert's Place, Regent St., W.1. GER. 9730. Call or send for latest illustrated catalogue. Open until 7 p.m. Thurs. and 3 p.m. Sats.

AMUSING, original gifts and cards for your less conventional friends? Try The Hampstead Gallery, 12 Perrins Court, N.W.3. Open all day Saturday. (HAM. 4899.)

MR. Robert St. John sees private and clinic patients for the Bates System of Visual Re-education in London and Liverpool. 72 Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 4042.

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ABBATT Toys are thought out for each child. See them at toyshop, 94 Wimpole St., W.1, or in Christmas List "Right Toy for Every Age."

PERSONAL—continued

CHRISTMAS Holidays. Enjoy a cheerful Christmas with one of our parties of professional people. Our arrangements include inexpensive Christmas/New Year Winter Sports parties to Austria and Switzerland with snow sports sleepers at 1gn., a Christmas party in Paris, and informal Christmas/New Year house parties in Britain. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

FILM Training Unit. Full prof. training. Group Two now forming. Heatherleys, 33 Warwick Square, S.W.1. VIC. 6077.

ARTIST exhibitor provides portrait, oils/pencil, from photo supplied. Exact likeness assured. Fees moderate. Box 1341.

THE Isles of Greece. The Society for Hellenic Travel's Spring Cruise (open to non-members) will leave by chartered ship on March 27, 1956, for 18 days. Four distinguished scholars from British Universities will accompany the Cruise, which will visit Delphi, Athens, Paros, Naxos, Melos, Santorin, Crete, Rhodes, Cos, Patmos, Mycenae, Delos, Aegina, Epidaurus, Mycenae, Corinth and Corfu. Inclusive prices from 75gns. Full particulars from the organisers and Sole Agents to the Society: Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd. (Dept. NS.31), 10 Hanover Street, London, W.1. Tel.: MAYfair 6801.

ESCAPE from Winter to Majorca, Ibiza, etc. 15 days from £39; 12 weeks £90. New Vistas Travel Service, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. MOLesey 2105. Summer Programme ready shortly.

WINTER programme now ready. Sports in Switzerland, Austria and Norway, Riviera sunshine, Madeira, Cruises, Paris, etc. Popularis Tours, Dept. NSN, 6 Royal Arcade, Old Bond St., W.1. HYD. 1352/3.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn. to 5gns. a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

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CAMPBELL Hall is open during vacations to University staff and students wishing to visit London individually or in groups. Apply House Warden, 7 Taviton St., W.C.1.

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

BRONDESBURY Park, N.W.6. Lge. pleas. divan-rms. H. & C. bas. Bkfst., din. Bus. people/studs. From 3½gns. LAD. 2809.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

YOUNG woman offered furnished accommodation with another. Modern house, 20 minutes Waterloo. Box 1116.

COMFORTABLE home offered in Jewish lady's quiet mod. hse. Wembley dist., 83 & 52 bus routes. COL. 4226. Box 1224.

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LGE. furn. rm. to let Putney. 2gns. p.w. incl. elec. light, bath. PUT. 3339.

ST. John's Wood, v. large, well-furn. dry bsmnt. room, sh. K. & B. 30s. incl. el., lin., cutl., to clean tenant. MAI. 5647.

COMFORTABLE home for cultured cosmopolitan young woman (25-37) sharing delightful central s/c flat with another. Own large bright room. Box 1276.

BEAUTIFULLY furn. large single bed/sit. Cent. htg., use bath, kitchen, garden, in private flat. HAMpstead 0244.

LARGE, comf. bed.-sit. offered by young prof. couple, small town, ½-hr. London. Use phone, grand piano. Box 1407.

NEWLY-decorated bed-sitting-room. Good district, ½-hour West End and City; conc. basin, const. hot water, clkg. fac., use bathroom, large garden. £2. HIL. 3751.

WELL-furnished divan-room, graduate household, use k. & b., c.h.w. Suit professional woman. GLA. 5131.

LARGE, well-furn. bed-sitt. 35s. weekly. Phone AMH. 7452.

SMALL Furnished bedroom, modern block, Marble Arch. Student or business person. £2 2s. p.w. PAD. 6967.

ST. John's Wood. Comf. single rm. in author's flat. Use k., b., 'phone, frig. £3 inc. lin., gas fire. Box 1387.

TWO newly dec., well-furn., single bed-sit. rms., C.H., all con., meals opt. Well-connected. 'Phone MAI. 8796 after 6.30 p.m.

ST. John's Wood, single B/S. room, own entrance. All facs. MAI. 4523.

YOUNG prof. couple have room to let Campden Hill. Kitchenette, own front door, bkfast. 12gns. monthly. BAY. 7094.

BED/Sit., din./kit., bath, c.h. 2 business ladies or couple. 4gns. GLA. 7563.

ONE-room flatlet near Westbourne Grove. Well furnished; Dunlopillo, sink, Ascot. 3rd floor. One lady only. 2gns. Box 1427.

STRIVING intellectual Canadian (m.) shs. accom. for 1 or 2 in flat. Box 1376.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

YOUNG man, 28, wishes sh. another's flat few months. Quiet; mod. rent. Box 1383.

QUIET cpl. sk. furn. rms. with part board or sml. flat. Dec.-mid Jan. Box 1307.

YNG. dent. surgeon reqs. divan-rm. with meals. Lunch out Mon.-Fri. Gar.; tel. essent. N. Highgate/Mus. Hill. Box 1290.

RESEARCH student requires one unfurnished room to work in. Near Northern Line, Euston to Charing X or Bank. Box 1219.

YOUNG lady, 24, wishes to share flat with other/others. Chelsea, Kensington or Central London. Box 1397.

CANADIAN bus. girl wants room with some meals/privileges. Rens. Box 1283.

BARNET/area. Comf. home reqd. by grad. enginr. & mot. cycle. Hatfield 2641.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

HAMPSTEAD. Furnished modern service flat, one room, kit., bathroom, tel., 7gns. 'Phone 8.30 a.m., PRI. 5629.

HALF exquisite old Cotswold mansion, perfect setting, beautifully furnished, warm and comfortable. Separate entrance and stairs. Kitchen, Aga, living-room, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, electric light, telephone. Hunting, polo. 8gns. a week. Box 1190.

DEC.-July. Det. furn. stone-built cott., nr. Betwys-y-Coed. Warm & comf. Shorter let if pref. Low rent for suitable tenant. Tanyderwen, Penmachno, Betwys-y-Coed.

ITALY—Charming small house above Lerici with basic comforts and maid, to be let inexpensively for winter months. Would suit writer. Write to Box No. 9384, c/o Charles Barker & Sons, Ltd., 31 Budge Row, London, E.C.4.

2 MEN grads. want s.c. flat, S. Ken./Hamp./St. John's W./Baysw. Box 1368.

ARTIST & wife seek flat-studio in London. Would prefer nr. Thames. Box 1343.

FURNISHED flat wanted within 1 hour Paddington, young couple and baby, April to Sept. 1956. Refs. supplied. Box 1188.

£50 reward for unfurnished flat. Furniture and fittings purchased and/or substantial rent in advance. Will re-decorate completely at no cost to Landlord. Quiet English couple both et business with no children or pets. FREmantle 5790 or 9748 after 7 p.m.

COLONIAL couple, five young children, tired of keeping up appearances, want cottage to rent for leave, May-July, 1956, where children can run wild and wife relax. Any part of British Isles considered but prefer near sea. Suggestions please by air mail to: Michael Coleman, Principal, St. Francis' College, P.O. Box 100, Hohoe, Gold Coast.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

SEAFRONT, Hythe, Kent. Large det. house, fine position, garden, garage. Best offer over £1,750. Real bargain. Box 1422.

CHARMING modernised Victorian hse. All services; elec. water heaters; 2 bed., 3 large rec., bathrm., kit., gdn., paddock, gar. 10m. S.E. Cambridge; sacrifice £1,450. Agent: Maisey, High St., Linton, Cambridge.

2 YEAR lease for sale from December with possession of large maisonette 6 rooms. Swiss Cottage area. Reasonable. Box 1117.

JACKSON-Stops (Cirencester), Land Agents & Auctioneers. Agents for the Cotswolds and surrounding districts, Dollar Street House, Cirencester (Tel. 334/5). Oxon, 6½ miles Woodstock. Country Cottage, 3 Bedrooms, Bathroom, 2 reception rooms. Main water and electricity. Numerous outbuildings. ½ acre. Freehold for Sale. (Folio 13717.) Wilts, 6 miles Devizes. Small house, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, main electricity, company's water shortly available. ¼ acre, freehold for sale. (Folio 11884.) Between Oxford and Birmingham, in a flourishing unspoilt village, labour-saving bungalow with sun loggia, lounge, 3 bedrooms, bathroom and kitchen, large garage, good garden, main electricity and water, close to church, shops and inn; freehold, £2,750. (Folio 14205.) Between Cheltenham and Cirencester. An attractive pair of stone built Cotswold Cottages in first rate order. Each containing two living rooms, 3 bedrooms and bathroom, large garden, main electricity, estate water, freehold with vacant possession, £1,500 each. Early sales desired. Sole Agents. (Folio 14109.) Full details of the above from Jackson-Stops (Cirencester), Land Agents, Dollar Street House, Cirencester. (Tel. 334/5.)

THREE-roomed period cottage, nine miles Aldeburgh, Suffolk. Electricity, main water, telephone. £650. Box 1095.

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A NOTABLE Institutional-Style Building in Wigmore St., W.1 area for sale. Would also suit Accountants, Solicitors or Professional Firm. High-grade office accommodation of approx. 3,000 sq. ft. plus Town Flat over. All in excellent order and just redecorated in splendid style. C.h. Price £19,500. Box 1106.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. "An Italian Straw Hat." 7.45. Sats.: 5.30 & 8.30. Maryland 5973.

ARTS, Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. Mon.) St. Sun. 5 & 8. "Komuso." Mems.

UNITY: Ibsen's "Pillars of Society." First time in London since 1926! Fri., Sats. & Suns. 7.45. Memshp. 2s. 6d. p.a. EUS. 5391.

EMPRESS Hall, FUL. 1212. Evenings 8.15. Sats. 3 & 8.15. Russia's Greatest Dance Company Moiseyev. From Moscow.

ASIAN Music Circle (President: Yehudi Menuhin). Songs & Dances of Uzbekistan, etc., by Russian-Asian Artists of Visiting Moscow Variety Theatre Group, and Film Show of "Nehru's Visit to Russia" on Sun., Nov. 27, at 3 p.m., at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Square, W.1 (nr. Goodge St. Tube Stn.). Adm. mems. 2s., guests 3s. Also Dec. 19, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. 6-7 p.m. A.G.M., 8-10 Music of India-Pakistan. Further infm. from Sec., A.M.C., 18 Fitzalan Road, N.3. Tel. FIN. 2934.

ADAM Mickiewicz, Polish Cultural Institute, presents a centenary celebration of Poland's great poet and patriot in Music and Verse, arranged by the Apollo Society, with Adele Leigh (soprano), Peter Gellhorn (piano), Margaretta Scott, Christopher Hassall, Derek Hart (readers). Sun., Dec. 11, at 7.45 in the Recital Room, Royal Festival Hall. Tickets 2s. 6d. (unreserved) from the Royal Festival Hall, S.E.1. (WATerloo 3191.)

EVERYMAN. HAM 1525. Until Nov. 27: Alec Guinness in The Prisoner (A). From 28: Julie Harris in Carson McCullers' The Member of the Wedding (A).

ROXY Rep., Bay 2345, Nov. 27. James Mason, Five Fingers (U), The Men (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Nov. 26, Richard Basehart in "Fourteen Hours" (A.). 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PUDOVKIN'S "Storm Over Asia," Ilford New Era Film Society, Little Theatre, High Road, Ilford. Sun., Nov. 27, 7.30 p.m.

LEWISHAM Film Soc. HIT. 5422. Unitarian Hall, next Cent. Library. Nov. 26, 7.15. Garbo in "The Kiss." Guests 3s.

HAVE you seen the film of the Ascent of Everest? The Ramblers are showing this at their Reunion on Saturday, December 10, at the Royal Festival Hall. Also dancing, exhibitions, folk dance display. Tickets 5s. Box Office, Royal Festival Hall, or Ramblers' Assoc., 48 Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1.

AUSTRIAN "Krampus" Dance. Kensington Town Hall, Thurs., Dec. 8, at 8. Austrian Cabaret—Viennese Buffet—Dancing until 11.30. Tkts.: Anglo-Austrian Soc., 130 Kensington High St., W.8. WES. 9003. Mems. 5s., non-mems. & at door 7s. 6d. Limited no. Students' tkts. at 3s. 6d.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1, Sat., Nov. 26, 8-11 p.m. Dancing to Norman Jackson's Noveltones. Membs. 3s., their guests 5s.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1, holds Dances every Thursday and Saturday from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tuesday from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics., write Sec. or please call at the Club.

INTERNATIONAL Dance & Reception, Caxton Hall, Dec. 12, in aid of Fabian Colonial Bureau. Tkts. 7s. 6d. from Mrs. Winchester, Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

FOR a Dance with a friendly atmosphere come to 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. (Holborn U.) on Sat., Dec. 3, from 8-11.30 p.m. Adm. 3s. 6d. Org. by Cent. Lond. Fabian Soc.

CONCERTS

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society. Hampstead Parish Church at 8 p.m. Thursday, Dec. 1. Haydn's Mass in D, Mozart's Piano Concerto in C. Programmes 5s. at door.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Organ Recitals devoted to Christmas Music by Bach & other composers. Wednesdays at 5.45, Dec. 7—Martindale Sidwell. Dec. 14—André Marchal. Dec. 21—John Dykes Bower. Tickets: 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

BACH Concert. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. Sat., Dec. 3, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

LEPPARD Orchestra & Morley College Choir. Purcell: Music to The Tempest; Bach: Concerto for Violin & Oboe; works by Vivaldi, B. Naylor and A. Milner. Ilse Wolf, Janet Baker, Gwynn Griffiths, Jürgen Hess, Michael Dobson. Conductors: Raymond Leppard & P. Racine Fricker. St. Pancras Town Hall, Dec. 7, at 8 p.m. Tkts. 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. from Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1, or Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1, or at Hall on night.

EDNA Iles. Wigmore Hall. Tues., Nov. 29, 7.30. Beethoven Op. 109, Medtner Sonata, Chopin. 9s., 6s., 3s. Mgt. Nicholas Chaveaux, 28 Bury Walk, S.W.3.

LONDON International Choir (Cond.: Paul Steinitz)—First public perf. Sunday, Dec. 4, 7.30 p.m. Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W.1. Also Frank Merrick (piano), Mavis Straker (sop.) & String Quartet. Adm. 2s. 6d., 4s., 6s. Tkts. at door or from K. Rowe, 108 Sebert Rd., E.7. Ausp. Jt. Council Arts & Sciences for Peace.

CONCERTS—continued

THE following free concert will be held at the Horniman Museum, London Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.23, on Wednesday evening November 30, at 7.45 p.m.: Wood-wind Music of the late 19th and 20th Centuries, Aubrey Johnson, oboe; Peter Allen, clarinet; Val Kennedy, bassoon; Leonard Rafter, piano. Seats may be reserved at this concert on application to the curator. (1329)

EXHIBITIONS

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30, Bruton St., W.1. French XIX and XX Century Paintings, Drawing & Bronzes. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

SPENCER F. Gore, an Exhibition of Paintings & Drawings. Drawings by Stanley Spencer. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Dec. 3. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. to both exhibitions.

IMPERIAL Institute, South Kensington. Paintings from British Guiana. Until November 29, Mon. to Fri., 10-4.30. Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2.30-6. Admission free.

ADRIAN Daintrey: Paintings and Drawings at Diana Decorations, 21a Sloane Street. Extended to December 4. Closes 7 p.m. inc. Saturdays & Sundays.

CHRISTMAS Exhibition of Fine Crafts at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16-17 Hay Hill, Berkeley Sq., W.1, until Dec. 23. Mon.-Fri. 10-5, Sats. 10-12.30. Adm. free.

"ART in British Advertising." A national Exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Nov. 22-Dec. 7. Presented by the Advertising Creative Circle spons. by The Times. Dly. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Fris. & Sats. 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Adm. free.

MATTHIESEN Gall: Lond. Exhib.—Roger Lersy Until Dec. 17. Dly. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. 142 New Bond St., W.1.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. W/colours & gouaches Morocco, Italy, Laurence Scarfe; W/colours France & England, Edwin La Dell. Nov. 15-Dec. 10.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke Street, St. James's, S.W.1. Opening Exhibition of Recent Paintings by Modern British Artists. Nov. 22 to Dec. 24. Mon. to Wed. and Fri. 10.30-5.30. Thurs. 10.30-7.30. Sat. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. New Acquisitions—French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries. Bonnard, Corot, Delacroix, Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Aspects of Schizophrenic Art. Mon.-Friday 10.30-6. Sat. 10.30-1. Adm. 6d.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Albert Lebourg (1849-1928), peintre paysagiste. Also recent acquisitions.

TOOTH'S: Recent acquisitions X: Paintings by Gainsborough, Bellotto, Renoir, Corot, Monet, Braque, Soutine, etc. Daily 9.30-6. Sats. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton Street, W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Hans Tisdall. Until December 3.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave. Watercolours by Sydney Arrobus. Nov. 20-Jan. 1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Square. Colour Prints for Christmas. Also Pictures for Hire. Open 11-6, including Saturday. Until December 3.

LONDON Group Members (Exhibition). Open until Dec. 9, this year at Whitechapel Art Gallery, adjoining Aldgate East Und. Station, Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sun., 2-6. Closed Mondays. Adm. free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.), Thurs., December 1, 7.30: "Bhagavad-Gita." On Sundays at 5 at Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Meditation & Discourse. All welcome.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. November Monday 28, 8 p.m. "White Jazz of the 'Twenties," by Burnett-James, illus. by recordings. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 2s. 6d. Tues. 29, 8.15 p.m. Mass Communications II. Discussion on "Children's Books and Periodicals." Speakers: John Nicholson Low, G. Harry McLaughlin and Geoffrey Trease. Chair.: Lawrence Alloway. Members 2s. Guests 3s. Wed. 30, 6 p.m. and 8.30 p.m. Film Strip of "Sculpture in the Open Air," recorded commentary by Henry Moore. Members may bring one guest only, seats (Mems. 2s. 6d., guests 3s.) must be booked. Thurs., December 1, 8.15 p.m. A reading of Sir Herbert Read's "Moon's Farm." Second half: Poems by Wallace Stevens. Mems. only 2s. 6d. Membership invited.

RT. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell, M.P., on "Recent Developments in British Socialist Thinking" at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, Saturday, November 26, at 7.30. Tickets 1s., from Co-operative Union, Ltd. (ROYal 3688), or at door.

SOCIETY for Psychical Research. G. W. Lambert, C.B., will give his Presidential Address on "The Use of Evidence in Psychical Research," at 6.30 p.m. on December 1, at Caxton Hall (York Hall), Caxton Street, Westminster. Open to the public. Adm. free.

J. B. PRIESTLEY on "The Writer in a Changing Society." Chair: C. V. Wedgwood. Hermon Ould Memorial Lecture, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1, Wednesday, November 30, 7.30. Tickets 3s. (guaranteeing seats; apps. to be accompanied by remittance and s.a.e.) from the Secretary, P.E.N., 62 Glebe Place, S.W.3, or at doors.

YOGA. Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.1. Talks every Tues., 6.30, Nov. 29: "Enquiry and Experiment." Arr. Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

PROFESSOR T. H. Pear, M.A., "Intellectuals; their Nature and Functions Today." Nov. 27, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., Dec. 2, 8.30. Miss Lily Loat, "Are Monkeys Necessary for Medical Research?" 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Terr.

"JEWISH Humour—History and Development." Lecture by Mr. Janus Cohen, B.A. Mon., Nov. 28, 8 p.m. A.I. Club, 43 Gt. Windmill St., W.1. Arr. by Zionist Fed.

SOVIET Graphic Artist N. N. Zhukov. "The Artists' Finest Subject—Children." Sun., Nov. 27, 6 p.m. Display of reproductions from 2.30. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. 1s.).

"TOLSTOY: His Creative Development as a Writer." Prof. Gudzy of Moscow Univ., Specialist in 19th century Russian Lit. Sat., Nov. 26, 7.30. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. 1s.).

M. ORBACH, M.P., will speak on his visit to the Middle East on Sunday, November 27, at 3.30 p.m., at the Workers' Circle Friendly Society, 22 Alie Street, E.1.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High Street, W.8. Sunday, Nov. 27, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. Nina Spiller: Women of East & West meet in Ceylon.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. December 3, at 6 p.m., Film: "Woman Trouble." Italian comedy film with English sub-titles.

PROF. G. O. Jones: "Physics, Philosophy and Religion." New Generation Group, Burgh House, Well Walk, nr. Hampstead Tube Stn., Mon. Nov. 28 at 8.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in Library on Tues., Nov. 29, at 7.15. D. G. MacRae, M.A., "How is Social Change Possible?" Adm. free. Collection.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PAR 7379. Fri., Nov. 25, 8 p.m. Dr. Lampert: Herzen. Fri. Dec. 2, 8 p.m. E. A. Lessing O.B.E.: Russia 1917-18.

HECTOR Hawton, "Ideal of the Complete Man." Hampstead Ethical Society, 783 Finchley Rd., N.W.11, Nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green. Sun., Nov. 27, at 7.15 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

MEDICAL Lecture: "Soviet Health Education," Dr. John Burton. "General Practice in U.S.S.R.," Dr. S. Gottlieb. At South West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, 11 Portland Place, W.1. Friday, Dec. 2, 8 p.m. S.C.R. Medical Committee. Tickets 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, and at door.

HAMPSTEAD Co-op Sunday Forum. Sun., Nov. 27. Fenner Brockway, M.P., "Co-operation the Hope of Africa," Lymington Hall, West End Lane, N.W.6. 7.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. All welcome.

PERSONALIST Group. Joint Discussion Social with the Personalist Club, J. B. Coates on "Personalism & Peace." Bennington's, 105 New Oxford St., W.C.1, Nov. 30, 7.45 p.m. Admission 2s., incl. refreshments.

"SOVIET Science Today." Ask experts Acad. Tsitsin, Prof. Powell, Dr. Lilley, about Agriculture, Atomic Energy, Automation. Symposium, with lantern slides by J. Allan Cash, Tues., Nov. 29, 7.0 p.m., Caxton Hall. Adm. 2s. Order tickets & send in questions now. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

CEDRIC Belfrage speaks on the American Film; Percy Belcher on TV; Maurice Goldsmith on "Films and Science"; African on "Africans and Asians in Films"; Children's Films; British Films. "Films and TV for Peace Conference", Film Panel Authors World Peace Appeal, Dec. 4. Details from 166 Kew Rd., Richmond, Surrey.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society: "North Africa." Basil Davidson. Wed., Nov. 30, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors Welcome. 2s.

FABIANS are reminded that the Annual General Meeting takes place this Saturday, Nov. 26, 2 p.m., at Caxton Hall.

"SOVIET Imperialism." Thurs., Dec. 8, 7.30. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Adm. free.

"PERSPECTIVES on S. Africa": Cecil Williams at 10 Lymington Rd., N.W.6. Sun., Dec. 4, 8 p.m. S.A. New Age C'ttee.

COMPOSERS' Concourse. Lecture by Imogen Holst on "The Teaching of Holst". Chairman: Bernard Naylor. St. Cecilia's House, 7 Carlos Place, W.1. Thurs., Dec. 1, at 7.30. Mems. 2s., non-mems. 3s.

GORDON Schaffer on "What Next in Germany?" Wed., Nov 30, 9 p.m., at British-Polish Friendship Soc., Social, 81 Portland Pl., W.1 (7.30-10.30). Adm. Free.

SOCIETY of Labour Lawyers: Thurs., Dec. 1, 6.30 p.m. Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, E.C.4. Prof. L. C. B. Gower on "What is wrong with legal education?" Friends inv.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Wed., Nov. 30, 6.30. "Right Action as Taught in the Theravada School," Ven. Gunasiri Maha Thera. Read "The Middle Way"—2s. 6d. quarterly. EUS. 7770.

RACIAL Unity: Lecture by Cedric Dover, "The Colour Problem in Britain." 7.30, Mon, Nov. 28. 32 Tavistock Sq. W.C.1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of 3 lectures on "Motivation & Cognitive Factors in Human Behaviour" will be given by Professor J. Nuttin (Louvain) at 6 p.m. on Nov. 28, 29 & 30, at Univ. of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without tkt.

CHRISTMAS Conference for Young People, Dec. 30-Jan. 1. "How shall we respond to the challenge of the event of Christmas?" For details, write: Wheathill Bruderhof Community, Bromdon, Bridgnorth, Salop.

LEARN Chinese! Beginners' class, 1st meeting Thurs., Dec. 1, 7-9 p.m., at B.C.F.A., 228, Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1. 2s. 6d. per class. All welcome.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon: vacation study circle, "Adult Education & Living Research," Jan. 3-9.

NATIONAL Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. Tenth Annual Spring School, at Stephenson Hall, Oakholme Road, Sheffield, 10, from April 6-13, 1956, under the direction of Dr. J. Macalister Brew. Lecturers will include: Miss Honoria Plesch and Mr. Sam Wanamaker. Each member of the course will undertake at least 16 hours practical work in one of the following subjects: "Brighten up your Club"—practical experiments in soft furnishing, exhibition material, etc., Drama; Jazz Music, its history and presentation, and Principles and Purposes of Group Work. Inclusive cost £7 10s. Bursaries avail. Full particulars: N.A.M.C. & G.C., 30 Devonshire St., London, W.1.

SWITZERLAND. Holiday Courses in French will be held during Christmas holidays & throughout the year for yng. people over 15. Lge., sunny chalet in mountains (3,500 ft.), winter sports; gd. plentiful food. H. Tuyn, Les Volets Jaunes, Chateau-d'Oex.

READING Efficiency Courses for business executives, research workers, civil servants. Particulars from North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., London, N.W.5.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. New crses Jan. 5. Day/resid. students. Canteen.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on p. 731

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